TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1490.

THE KING'S JUBILEE EXPLOITED SEE PAGE 14

JOHN BULL

Not the woman he married!

Be frank with yourself! Perhaps housework and children have absorbed your youth, strain and worry sapped your energy and impaired your digestion. But your husband has worries too. Unless you can share them and help him find recreation he may look elsewhere for sympathy. Turn to Wincarnis, the delicious tonic wine Doctors have been recommending for over 50 years, the wine which has literally meant new life to thousands after serious illness. Wincarnis replaces lost energy by creating new blood to nourish the nerves and tissues. It brings you new vivacity and vigour. It helps you to sleep soundly—to be yourself once more, the woman he married, the woman he still desires.

● Wincarnis is simply a pure delicious wine reinforced with the energising vitamins, the nerve building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts. Wincarnis has been proved by over 20,000 recommendations from Doctors to be a most effective remedy for all run-down conditions and nervous complaints. 3/3 and 5/6 from wine merchants, licensed grocers and chemists. Get a bottle to-day. You'll feel the benefit with the very first glass.

FREE. 4½d. in stamps [for postage, etc.] will bring you a generous sample from the makers, Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 109, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

Two doses of Wincarnis made her a "different woman"

"After the first two doses of Wincarnis my patient felt a different woman. Before taking your wine she could not sleep at night and everything in the house got on her nerves. Now she can get up fresh and ready to do a good day's work. She will always make an effort to afford the wine that has made her well and strong. She has also recommended it to a number of her friends."

Nurse B.C.—Darlington.

OVER 20,000 RECOMMENDATIONS FROM DOCTORS

Turn Your Spare or Whole Time into Cash.

BE A CLUB AGENT

and make 1935 a Prosperity Year

Study these Announcements by Leading Club Firms

SPECIAL PRIZES EACH WEEK!

LIBERAL COMMISSION

AMAZING VALUE IN GOODS

Join the Happy Circle of Money-making 'Amprico' Agents!

COMMISSION PAID TO AGENTS EACH WEEK!

SPECIAL AGENT'S PRIZES

BIG BONUSES

NO CAPITAL

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

LIVE AGENTS WANTED NOW

Offer Our Double-Value 6D 'Amprico' Club Cards!

Resolve to be BETTER-OFF, PROSPEROUS with PLENTY OF MONEY to SPEND in 1935!

BECOME AN AGENT FOR

THE FINEST PROPOSITION YET!

(SELLS ON SIGHT)

OVER £3 CAN BE EARNED WEEKLY

(ALL SPARE TIME WORK—NO TROUBLE)

Read Agents' Letters Below

CASH PRIZES FOR LIMERICKS EACH WEEK

There is a weekly magazine for Agents, full of interesting news. In this, Cash Prizes are offered for Limericks, and the following was a recent Prize-Winner's effort :—

As an Agent I'm just a beginner,
But can see that I'm on to a winner;
Only started last week,
But no further need seek
For a gamethat's a sure money-spinner.

My friends are all highly delighted,
To call on their friends I'm invited,
Which just goes to show
That your cards Amprico
Will sell like hot cakes once they're sighted.

So here's to the great inspiration
That made me request information;
Re your wonderful scheme,
I think it must seem
That your firmisabest to the nation.

Start Now to Make Money—Write For Complete Details.

AMBLER, PRICE & COLE LTD. (Dept. J.B.),

Amprico House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

COUPON

To AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated Catalogue.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. Stamp). J.B.123. 5/1/35.

FILL IN AND POST THIS NOW

Hopes to increase sales.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed receipts for £27.10.0. Also I wish to thank you for the prompt attention received. My clients and myself were amazed at the quickness of payment.

On behalf of my clients I wish to thank you for the goods received in exchange for vouchers. I hope to make a bigger increase in my sales in the near future.

Yours faithfully,
A.S.R., Thornton Heath.

Sincere Approval.

Dear Sirs,—I am a new recruit to your Agents' ranks, and feel I must extend my sincere approval of your straightforward and speedy methods.

I would like my supply increased, as I feel sure that this will increase my sales.

Thanking you,
J.J.R., Nottingham.

Thanks for cheque.

Dear Sirs,—Many thanks for the cheque which myself and friend were pleased to receive, also my clients are more than satisfied with the goods they have received from you in return for vouchers.

Trusting to have more prizes and more Amprico clients in the near future.

Yours faithfully,
M.S., Grantham.

Promptness.

Dear Sir, I wish to thank you for the prompt service and attention which I have received. My clients are more than satisfied with the wonderfulvalue of goods.

F.W., Liverpool.

Salesmanship.

Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of cheque. I am a salesman, but I wish I could sell my goods as well as I sell your tickets.

A.M., Holloway.

Turn Your Spare or Whole Time into Cash.

BE A CLUB AGENT

and make 1935 a Prosperity Year

Study these Announcements by Leading Club Firms

Mrs. J. Allcock says:—

"I'm really proud to run a 'Worldwide' Club—you help your friends & make extra money for yourself!"

THIS is typical of the many thousands of happy "Worldwide" Club Organisers who earn from £2 up to £5, £10 and more in their spare time. They are proud of their firm.

You, too, can earn a Good Commission and Profit-share with a few minutes of your spare time each week by organising a "Worldwide" Club—no samples to carry, no selling to do, no experience or capital required. It is a pleasant and profitable hobby for any man or woman, and making extra money is easy with the "Worldwide" behind you.

"WORLDWIDE" CLUBS "THE MONEY THAT PAYS"

Associated Warehouses—
J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester.

Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.

Directors: E. C. & W. P. Williams

You also benefit your friends—they buy at Warehouse prices on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly—Ladies' and Men's Wear, Footwear, Crockery, Furniture, and Household Goods of every description.

Post the Coupon to-day for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars—free and without obligation.

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.
Please send me free and without obligation your illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....
J.B.51 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES STREET :: MANCHESTER, 1.

A few Minutes!-A few Friends!

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO REAL CASH

You would spare a few minutes each week if it was made worth your while, wouldn't you?

You must already have many friends and only a few are needed to bring you a regular spare time income.

You can follow the example of Mrs. Robbins, her agency was started in a very small way:—only ten members, with the help that we gave her in the way of introducing people who wanted to join a Great Universal Club.

At the age of 49 Mrs. E. Robbins of Swinton, Lancs, started an Agency business which now pays her several pounds a month. Of her Agency Mrs. Robbins says: "My plans are to keep on as I am doing, keeping old friends and making new ones. What I have done others can do, and even more than I, for I have very little time to spare."

A Great Universal Agency is Your Opportunity

A constant supply of advertising leaflets, and the assistance of our district representative, her ten members soon grew into two hundred. Now her weekly orders enable us to put 17/6d. into her purse every week.

YOU CAN DO THE SAME. We offer you the same opportunity. You see, we are able to give such amazing values because we have our own factories, turning out goods for the G.U.S. and no one else. Direct from factory to the user, no Wholesalers' profits, no Shopkeepers' profits, and we share our profits with you. A 24-hour delivery service is at your disposal, make the best use of it. Your friends will be grateful to you for helping them to buy at lower prices than a shopkeeper is forced to charge.

N.B.—The G.U.S. pays over £200,000 in Commission every year.

SEND THIS COUPON TO END HOME MONEY PROBLEMS

To The GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES Ltd., (Dept. 197), Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
Send me, without obligation, particulars of G.U.S. Agency.

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....

The SOVEREIGN CLUB

NEW AGENTS WANTED
Fill up the Coupon below and obtain full particulars of how you can earn from
£2 to £5
in your spare time.

- Generous Commission
- Free Equipment
- Guaranteed Satisfaction

Free SOUVENIR PHOTO PLATE OF GORDON RICHARDS

DICKIN'S MAIL ORDER STORES
OAKENGATES — SHROPSHIRE
"Many families have dealt with us for Four Generations."

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY
Please send me free of charge and without obligation your booklet "How to form a SOVEREIGN Club," together with a set of your Illustrated Catalogues and the Free Gift mentioned above.

NAME.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
ADDRESS .....
.....
Post in unsealed envelope—½d. stamp.

WE LEAD THE FIELD BECAUSE GIVE BETTER VALUE, BETTER SERVICE & BIGGEST COMMISSION TO OUR ORGANIZERS.

YOU SHOULD SEND

at once for a copy of our
WONDERFUL NEW CATALOGUE
showing actual Materials—not just pictures. It is the talk of the trade and costs you nothing. You will be amazed at the wonderful value offered.

START THE NEW YEAR WELL!
FILL IN THE ATTACHED COUPON.

To THE FAMOUS POPULAR STORES (J.B.1), Napier St. Mills, City Road, Manchester 15.
Please send Free your Catalogues with particulars of how I can earn from £3 to £10 or more in my spare time.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
TOWN .....
Put in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only.

HIGHCO STORES CHORLTON ST., MANCHESTER

£1 FREE GIFTS

NOW IS THE TIME TO START A HIGHCO CLUB AMONGST YOUR FRIENDS. You can earn Big Cash Commission and also select a £1 free gift from the 400 page Catalogue immediately. This genuine offer is fully explained in a straightforward and easy manner.

Write for full particulars To-day.

ACCEPT THIS AS A MEANS TO EARN GOOD MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

As an Organiser of Britain's Best 1/- weekly Bargain Club you can earn a substantial spare-time income—pleasantly and without spending a penny yourself.
Just show your friends our Catalogue of over 1,400 Articles of Furniture, Clothing, Drapery, Bedding, Hardware, and Household Goods, which they can have at factory prices for single articles on the easiest of terms. They cannot resist the appeal of this beautiful production, profusely illustrated in colour—and YOU get a handsome commission.
DRIVERS are recognised as the firm that gives the highest commission, the best articles and the quickest deliveries.
Send for FREE 418-page Catalogue and Full details NOW!

SAMUEL DRIVER LTD.
BURTON ROAD, LEEDS.
Also at London, Bradford, Hull, Sheffield, Brighouse and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

FREEMANS Still the Best Spare Time Agency!

A few vacancies for men in regular employment to act as agents. Generous terms, every support, samples supplied, no outlay, experience unnecessary. Finest value in Drapery, Clothing, Boots, Household Goods, Jewellery, etc. Write for full details.

FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.

Spare time occupation — GOOD PAY!!

TO CLUB ORGANISERS AND OTHERS: Here is the finest proposition ever put before you. A Business of your own. NO CAPITAL REQUIRED. FREE STOCK—BIG REGULAR COMMISSION. GUARANTEED PROFIT-SHARING BONUS. PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT also to SUITABLE MEN.

SARTOR, Dept. J.B., Derby Street, MANCHESTER, 8. POST THIS ADVERT

BOLSOMS' GREAT Huge Reductions! January

LONDON'S GREATEST SALE VALUES!

ENTIRE SHOWROOM STOCKS TO BE CLEARED

24 ONLY TO CLEAR! Order at once! Free delivery in England and Wales.

SALE PRICE 10 GNS.

~~21 GNS~~

THIS SPLENDID COIL SPRING FREE

GENTS' FITTED 'ROBE measures 3 ft. 10 ins. x 2 ft. 6 ins.

No. SP.467. — A Particularly Handsome Suite in perfectly matched Figured Walnut and of Sound Workmanship and Finish throughout. The 4ft. 'Robe has a built-out front and the inside of the door is fitted with a mirror 3ft. 6ins. long. The Double-Tier Dressing Table measures 3ft. 3ins. wide. The Gent's fitted 'Robe is fitted with sliding hanger rail and is 3ft. 10ins. high by 2ft. 6ins. wide. **COIL SPRING MATTRESS FREE.**

SUITE COMPLETE WITH 4 FT. BEDSTEAD 10 Gns.
Overlay Mattress 20/- Extra.

SALE PRICE 10 GNS.

Originally 21 Gns. Free delivery in England & Wales. Sprung-edge Seats.

LUXURIOUS TAPESTRY SUITE with 3-PILLOW SETTEE

No. SP. 469. — A magnificent craftsman built Suite of Luxurious proportions with large comfortable arms of unusual design and deep well-sprung seats with sprung edges. The entire Suite superbly upholstered in High Grade Tapestries in Blues, Fawns or Greens, and fitted with 5 Pullman-sprung seat cushions and 5 feather-back cushions. Settee 67ins. wide. Easy Chair 35ins. wide.

27 ONLY

Settee separately, 6 Gns. Easy Chair £2.17.6

HANDSOME MODEL OAK DINING SUITE

~~11 GNS~~

SALE PRICE 5 GNS.

Free delivery in England & Wales.

No. SP.474.—A Handsome Dining Suite in richly grained Oak, of solid proportions and comprising :—4ft. Sideboard, fitted 2 large cupboards and 2 drawers; 4ft. 6in. x 2ft. 6in. Drawleaf Table and 4 Dining Chairs with drop-in seats in Rexine. All pieces built with large bulbous legs. **Sideboard 37/6 Table 40/-. Chairs 9/6 each.**

EASILY WORTH 11 Gns.

3-ft. OAK COMBINATION BEDSTEAD WITH SPIRAL SPRING

~~21 GNS~~

Complete with Bedding 30/-.

20/-

Packing 2/6 Extra

No. SP.138. —Strongly built with 2in. grained Oak Panels and fitted with Spiral Spring Mattress 20/-. Flock filled Mattress, Bolster and Pillow in best English Ticking, 10/- extra. Usually 40/-. An amazing Bargain.

COT, OVERLAY MATTRESS AND PILLOW

20/- COMPLETE

Packing 2/6 extra.

BX.218.—Sturdy Cot, fitted with wire mattress, well-filled overlay and Pillow. Mounted on castors. Size 4ft. long by 2ft. wide. Height 2ft. 10ins. **20/-.**
Quilt and Blanket in Pink or Blue, 10/- extra.

£10 3ft. OAK SUITE complete with FITTED ROBE

SALE PRICE £10

No. SP. 462.—A craftsman-built Suite of superior design, with 3ft. Robe fitted shelves, sliding hanger rail, shoe rails, etc. 2 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table and Chest of Drawers. **An Amazing Bargain.**

Free delivery in England & Wales. **ROBE, 45/-. DRESSING PAIR, 50/-.**

4ft. OAK BEDSTEAD with SANITARY COIL SPRING

30/-

SP.353.—A full-size Bed, large enough for two people, built with solid grained Oak panels. Fitted with hygienic Coil Spring Mattress. Bedstead, complete with Coil Mattress, 30/-. **Overlay Mattress,** filled with washed Linsey Flock in strong Ticking, 10/- extra. *Packing 2/6 extra.*

SALE PRICE 10 GNS

HANDSOME MODEL REAL COWHIDE SUITE

31 ONLY OF THESE SUITES

~~21 GNS~~

PULLMAN-SPRUNG SEAT CUSHIONS

No. SP.471.—A solidly-built Lounge Suite in Real Cowhide; of handsome design and superexcellent craftsmanship throughout. Heavily padded with deep spring seats and fitted with Pullman-Sprung Cushions in Brown Velveteen Settee 54ins. wide. Easy Chair 30ins. wide. Exceptional Value. **Settee 4 Gns. Easy Chair 3 Gns. Also in Rexine at 8 Gns.**

Free delivery in England & Wales.

MODERN BED-SETTEE SUITE IN REXINE & VELOUR

SALE PRICE 7 GNS

SETTEE 4 GNS.

Easy Chair separately 32/6. Bed-Settee ... 4 Gns.

No. SP.481. — A Bed-Settee Suite of new and handsome design, craftsman built for comfort, and upholstered in Hide effect Rexine with Velour Seats. Settee converts in a few moments into a double bed complete with spring and overlay, measuring 72 x 54ins. Easy Chair 30ins. wide.
3-Piece Suite complete 7 Gns.

Free delivery in England and Wales.

ADDRESS YOUR POST ORDERS TO Dept. No. J.1, 40-44, Strand, London, W.C.2.
Cheques, M.O.s and P.O.s should be crossed. Treasury Notes should be registered. Goods are sent carriage forward only in Scotland, Ireland and addresses off the mainland. We make **Free Delivery in England and Wales.**
Head Office and Stores : Glasgow Terrace, Victoria, S.W.1. Phone : Victoria 7014 9.

BOLSOMS'

FREE DELIVERY in ENGLAND & WALES

40-50, STRAND W.C.2.
Open Daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Open All Day Sat. to 9 p.m. Close Thurs. 1 p.m.

60, OXFORD ST., W.1.
Open Daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Close Sat. at 1 p.m.

YOU SAVE OVER 10/- IN EVERY £ YOU SPEND!

SALE

HIGH GRADE LOUNGE, DINING, & BEDROOM SUITES

Over 50% Reductions.

DURING JANUARY WE HAVE FOR SALE IN OUR SHOWROOMS A WONDERFUL SELECTION OF HIGH-GRADE FURNITURE AT INCREDIBLY LOW PRICES. THE STOCKS INCLUDE EXHIBITION MODELS, SHOWROOM SUITES AND FURNITURE BUILT TO SPECIAL ORDERS. STOCKS ARE LIMITED, AND WE ADVISE EARLY APPLICATION.

MODERN COW HIDE SUITE WITH HANDSOME CARVED OAK PANELS

SALE PRICE 7½ GNS

~~12½ GNS~~

No. SP. 482.—A High-Grade production of unusually handsome design. Built on solid frames, upholstered in real Cow Hide and finished with carved oak panel fronts to all three pieces. The Suite has deep comfortable spring seats and is supplied with cushions in Brown Velveteen.
Settee 52 in. wide. Easy Chair 29½ in. wide.
Suite complete **7½ Gns.**
Settee, **£3 . 10.** Easy Chair, **65/-**
Free delivery in England & Wales.

HANDSOME 4 FT. OAK SUITE WITH BEDSTEAD

MASSIVELY BUILT IN MODERN DESIGN

SALE PRICE 7½ GNS

OVERLAY MATTRESS supplied at 10/- Extra.

THE SPLENDID COIL SPRING FREE

~~16 GNS~~

4 ft. WARDROBE, DRESSING TABLE CUPBOARD, CHEST & BEDSTEAD 7½ GNS.

No. M.402.—A HANDSOME SUITE in typical modern design. Soundly and massively built in Figured Oak and polished a rich Medium Brown. A bargain without parallel at the amazingly low price, including 4 ft. Wardrobe, fitted Mirror, Shelf, Rail and Hooks, Triple Mirror Table, Cupboard Chest, 4 ft. Bedstead. SUITE COMPLETE **7½ Gns.** *Free delivery in England & Wales.*

OOIL-SPRING MATTRESS **FREE**

SALE PRICE 6 GNS

3-PIECE SUITE IN REXINE WITH PULLMAN-SPRUNG SEATS

THERE ARE NEARLY 200 SPRINGS IN THIS SUITE

USUALLY SOLD AT 13 GNS.

This Handsome Fireside Stool measures 36 x 12 ins.

THIS LARGE FIRESIDE STOOL FREE

3-PIECES COMPLETE. **6 GNS.** LARGE DOUBLE FIRESIDE STOOL INCLUDED FREE

NOTE THE SPECIAL Pullman Sprung Seats

No. SP.466.—A craftsman-built LOUNGE SUITE in handsome modern design of ample proportions and High-Grade workmanship. The Suite is upholstered in Hide effect Rexine and fitted with Pullman Sprung Velour Seats in modern patterns of Blues, Browns, and Greens. Settee 54 in. wide. Easy Chair 30 in. wide. There are nearly 200 Springs in the Suite. *Free delivery in England & Wales.*

DEFERRED TERMS CAN BE ARRANGED

SEE THE MANAGER AT ANY BRANCH OR WRITE DIRECT TO HEAD OFFICE

Call at Once! and inspect the amazing array of Lounge, Dining and Bedroom Suites for Sale in all our Showrooms—at the Lowest Prices on Record!

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Request.

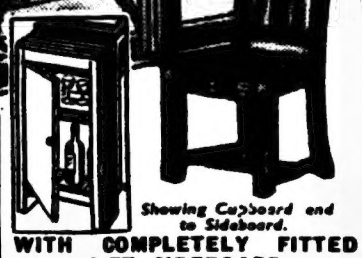
MODERN OAK DINING SUITE

NOTE PLATE GLASS MIRROR IN BACK OF SIDEBOARD.

SALE PRICE £7.15

~~15 GNS~~

4ft. SIDEBOARD £3 . 7 . 6
DRAWLEAF TABLE 3ft. x 3ft. £2 . 5 . 0
CHAIRS with Rexine Seats 12/6 each.



Showing Cupboard end to Sideboard.

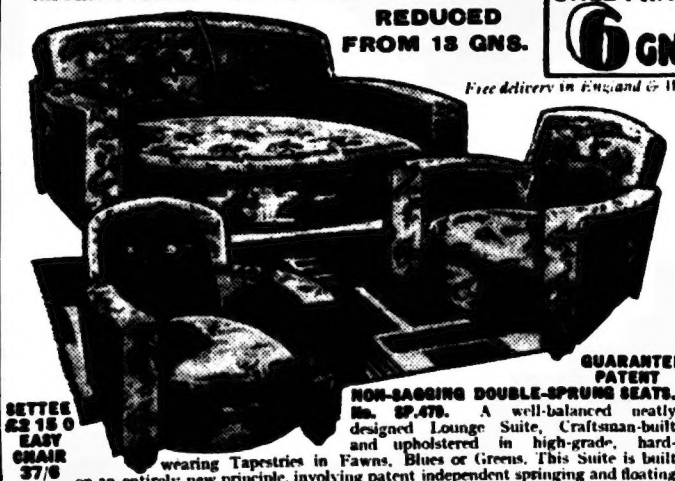
WITH COMPLETELY FITTED 4 FT. SIDEBOARD

No. SP.468. A magnificent **DINING SUITE** of modern design. Solidly built in richly polished Oak. The **4ft. SIDEBOARD** is fitted with plate glass mirror, large cupboard, 2 drawers, and small fitted cupboard each end. The **DRAWLEAF TABLE** opens to 5ft. x 3ft. **SUITE COMPLETE WITH 4 DINING CHAIRS WITH REXINE DROP-IN SEATS, £7 . 15 . 0**
Free delivery in England & Wales.

MAGNIFICENT SUITE IN TAPESTRY REDUCED FROM 18 GNS.

SALE PRICE 6 GNS

Free delivery in England & Wales



SETTEE £2 15 0 EASY CHAIR 37/6

GUARANTEED PATENT

NON-SAGGING DOUBLE-SPRUNG SEATS.

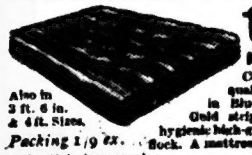
No. SP.470. A well-balanced neatly designed Lounge Suite, Craftsman-built and upholstered in high-grade, hard-wearing Tapestries in Fawns, Blues or Greens. This Suite is built on an entirely new principle, involving patent independent springing and floating seats—the latest in lounge comfort. There is no webbing to sag or give way, and the designing gives a delightfully restful position. Settee 4ft. 6in. wide. Easy Chair 27in. wide.

SPECIAL OFFERS IN DIVANS & BEDDING

SUPERB DIVAN with BOLSTER & PILLOW £2

SP. 410.—Superb **DIVAN**, fully sprung with resilient Coil-Springs on strong well-seasoned frame and padded with Linsey flock & fibre. Roll-edged **Mattress** is filled with hygienic Linsey flock. Bolster & Feather Pillow. The set covered in Blue, Beige, Green or Orange Jaspe. *Size*, 6ft. long, 2ft. 6in. wide. Headboard 5/- extra. *Part Packing 2/6 extra.*

4 FT. 6 OVERLAY MATTRESS 10/-



Also in 2 ft. 6 in. & 4 ft. Sizes.

No. 900.—Covered best quality Ticking in Blue, Rose or Gold stripes. Filled hygienic black-grade Linsey flock. A mattress for lasting and satisfactory service. *Packing 1/9 extra.*

3 FT. BED SETS Overlay, Bolster & Pillow 10/-

No. 795 SS.—Overlay also 3 ft., filled soft pure flock. Bolster, 3 ft. by 10 in., and Pillow filled downy mill puff, all covered in fine quality Ticking to match. *Part Packing 1/6 extra.*

CALL AT ONCE!—

OR POST YOUR ORDER TO:

Dept No. J.1, 40-44, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Cheques, M.O.s and P.O.s should be crossed. Treasury Notes should be registered. Goods are sent carriage forward only in Scotland, Ireland and addresses off the mainland. **We make Free Delivery in England and Wales, except where otherwise stated.**

5-11, WESTBOURNE GROVE & 167-169, QUEEN'S ROAD, W.2

Open Daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Close Saturday at 1 p.m.

58, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER

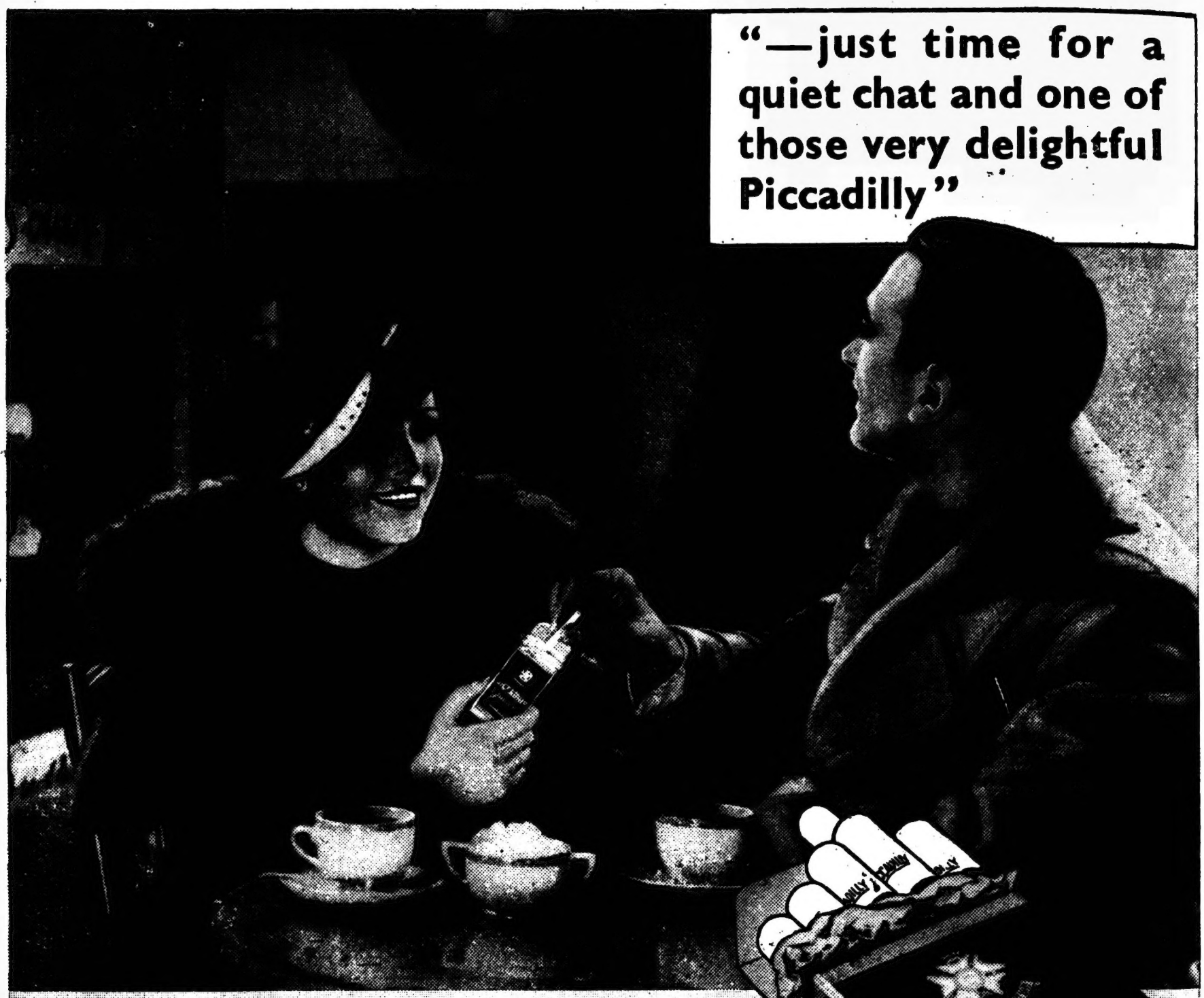
82-84, HIGH ROAD, KILBURN

Open Daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Open all day Saturday to 9 p.m. Close Thursday 1 p.m.

Head Offices: Glasgow Terrace, Victoria, S.W.1 'Phone: Victoria 7014 9

BOLSOMS

PROPS: BOLSOM BROS (1928) LTD



PICCADILLY

Junior SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 4d. also packets of 15 for 6d.

Oval photographs of Film Stars in all packings.

P.J.24

TRY THEM TODAY – *NEW! FRESH!* – MADE TO CARRERAS' QUALITY STANDARD

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, January 5, 1935. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

The FATHER who *Showed 'Em!*

IN the City of Oxford the other day a child of seven was nearly branded for life because of an error made by an official of the Education Committee. With a single stroke of his pen that one official was vested with the power to blight a child's future.

The child concerned is the son of respectable parents, his home is well above the average, he was attending an ordinary day school, and he has always been regarded as being bright and intelligent. His mother is a capable housewife, his father an artisan in regular employment.

Like most other children born in Oxford—as is the custom there and elsewhere—he was watched and reported on by welfare workers, school-teachers, medical authorities, and other experts.

Then, last summer, he was at home with his parents one evening when a knock came at the door, and a letter marked "Confidential" was delivered by hand. Addressed to the father, this letter was from the Education Committee, whose methods are evidently so casual that it was dated fourteen days before.

He was forearmed

THE parents had received no hint of the ill news it contained. It was quite unexpected. It referred to a report which, it seems, had been made concerning the lad during the previous June.

The parents in this lamentable case were informed that the head teacher of the council school the boy attended had been advised to remove his name from her books.

They were peremptorily told to report to the local official whose duty it is to deal with children of deficient mentality.

The letter conveyed the information that the child had been certified, by reason of his mental deficiency, to be incapable of receiving instruction at his usual school.

There is no need to dwell upon the mental anguish that the father and mother endured as the result of the receipt of that letter.

Suffice it to say that, fortunately, here was a father who realised at once that his child was in danger of losing his liberty. He had read John Bull for years, and so was well acquainted with our long fight to save so-called mentally deficient children from lifelong captivity. He went straight to his panel doctor for an impartial opinion.

The result was a foregone conclusion. The doctor who usually attended the lad declared without hesitation that a very grave error had been made. He advised the parents to send a letter to the City of Oxford Education Committee without delay.

The father wrote at once asking for a further examination, but his request was ignored, and so was the personal application made by the school-teacher in whose class the lad had hitherto received lessons.

What happened in the weeks that followed affords a striking insight upon the working of the official mind. Letter after letter addressed to the Oxford local authorities by the anxious father failed to achieve any result. A verbal request that the child should be seen by another doctor was promptly refused.

Inspector's silence

THE machinery of social administration was all-powerful. An inspector who called on the parents demanded to know why the lad had not been sent to the school for mental deficients.

But she answered none of the questions the father indignantly asked; nor could she explain why the lad had been refused tuition in the ordinary school. Meantime, the lad was receiving no lessons whatever.

Then another official called, and it was only when the father declared that he would lay the facts before the Ministry of Education that a verbal promise was given that the child would be further examined.

Yet another official said that in the meantime the lad could rejoin his class in the ordinary school. But it was found that no such instructions had been received by the head mistress in charge.

The parents were then told that the lad would be re-examined during the following fortnight. A day was fixed, and the father lost a day's work, but the examination was postponed in a letter dated the day *after* it was received! Another letter making a fresh appointment was dated the morning on which the examination took place, and the father had to leave his work in order to be present.

The examination revealed that the child was by no means mentally deficient. He was able to narrate his tables, and he drew from memory certain designs the doctor showed him in a mere ten-seconds glance.

Certificate destroyed

BUT the battle was not even yet over. There was on file in the offices used by the City of Oxford Education Committee the original certificate according to which the child was "defective within the meaning of the Act." It was only when the father insisted that this should be handed over to him that it was reluctantly given up.

It is a document that might easily have wrecked the child's life and career; yet it was neither signed by a magistrate nor even endorsed by another doctor. A clerk had filled in the details, and a doctor had signed it, no doubt in good faith. . . .

A grave mistake had been made, and we are not surprised to learn that the father has now been instructed to destroy the certificate issued in error.

We hope this terrible blunder has taught the Oxford Education Committee a lesson it won't forget in a hurry.

And we think the lesson should not only apply to the wrongful certification of children as mental deficients.

It should apply also to those already detained in that they should be repeatedly examined by experts to place it beyond doubt that they are not being wrongfully held in captivity.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Married Men Must Keep Two Homes—by Order

THERE'S a whole lot more we'd like to hear about how "the other half" of the world lives. We should also like to hear a whole lot less about some folk.

We have all heard far too much, for one thing, about that American poor little rich girl, Gloria Vanderbilt, and the legal battle for her guardianship, which may affect the fortunes of that one family very considerably, but affects nobody else's lives to the least extent.

Frankly we think the public, like ourselves, is getting a little tired of Little Gloria, and would prefer, for instance, to hear about the plight of some of our own people like the married men who, by order of the Government, must leave their families or lose jobs!

Strange and stupid

The trouble in their case arises because our new Unemployment Board is giving temporary clerkships to hundreds of men. The strange thing is that single men are being appointed to posts in their own town while married ones are sent to work hundreds of miles away from their homes.

So that married men in Manchester are expected to go so far afield as Ayr and Kilmarnock. They can't risk taking their families with them because the jobs are temporary and subject to three months' probation.

Two homes—one job

Thus they must try to keep two homes going—on a wage of roughly £3 a week. If they refuse, they will get nothing.

Many of them are buying their houses on mortgage Yet single men with no such tie are allowed to remain at home.

Yes, we should like to see more of the searchlight of publicity thrown on this latest example of official stupidity.

House purchase dangers

We'd welcome, too, more news about the astonishing conditions that exist on certain new housing estates.

The unlucky purchasers of houses in some areas are finding it impossible to get water and lighting.

In one southern town, a builder (who is also a councillor) failed to comply with the town planning regulations. The council has therefore refused to take over the lighting of the new estate.

Overcrowding goes on

Another councillor in the same town is planning an estate on marsh ground, which will be filled up for the purpose. On this land he proposes to build houses at the rate of sixteen to an acre, and some have already been built.

Now the council has refused its permission because of the overcrowding—and refuses to supply water to the houses!

Unfortunately, similar conditions prevail elsewhere.

Good for them—

And we should like a lot more light on the dark operations of the Bank of England—operations which make a difference to the pockets of us all. It has just made a loan to Germany, a £2,000,000 cut in the interest which Austria pays on her loan, and is planning a big loan to Japan.

But a loan for clearing away our slums and finding work for our unemployed? Ah, no! the powers-that-be have a different sort of present for us.

—bad for us

From this week the Inland Revenue authorities are starting a big income-tax drive. They want ten million pounds a week until the end of March.

You see. Mr. Chamberlain has been spending and promising so much in subsidies that he wants every penny he can lay hands on.

Those jail mutinies

We don't intend to sympathise with the criminals who were responsible for the recent prison mutinies in Scotland, but we must insist that jail conditions north of the Border are disgracefully bad.

Sir Godfrey Collins, Secretary for Scotland, seems surprised to hear that one prisoner who tried to escape was put in chains, and if he goes on with his enquiries he'll be surprised by a lot more relics of a bygone age.

We can only hope that those enquiries will be searching and reform quickly forthcoming.

They can now sit!

One bit of reform that will affect at least a million people is the Shops Act, which comes into operation this week. It means that seats will be provided for girl assistants, the working hours of young people restricted to fifty-two a week, and adequate sanitary arrangements ensured.

We have already pointed out the shortcomings of this new law, and isn't it a reflection on our civilisation that we should have had to wait until 1935 before getting even so half-hearted a measure?

Savage education

A Plymouth woman whose baby received three burns on its hand has been acquitted of ill-treating it.

Glad as we are that she was proved a good mother who only wanted to frighten the little boy, we are sorry there are still some parents who teach their children to fear fire by burning them.

That sort of savage "education" suggests that the parents need a lot of education themselves.

Pennies proud

We strongly object, also, to a new method of getting schoolchildren to collect for charity.

Briefly, a child becomes a "star" scholar, entitled to wear a badge of distinction, if he or she can collect pennies in a box at a certain rate.

The charities may be all right, but a system which makes sensitive youngsters feel like lower-grade beings because their parents and friends are poor is a thoroughly bad one.

Schools for shoppers

And did you know that in some State schools toothpaste, chocolate, biscuits, sweets and bulbs are sold to the children?

Those particular articles have just been banned by Walsall's education chiefs, following complaints by local traders that they were not given a chance of tendering for the supplies.

Still, things like cocoa and malted milk are still on sale, all profits going to the school funds.

So, you see, the tuck-shop is no longer confined to "schools for young gentlemen."

Darkest Hospital We Know

Savagery in the Nursery

One thing worth the light of publicity is the plight of the man who must lose his family or his job

Very dark

We hope this year will be a brighter one for a hospital at Pittenweem, Fife. Though electricity cables pass near by, the wards are lit by paraffin lamps.

Patients brought in after dark cannot be properly diagnosed and have to wait for daylight before being placed in the appropriate ward. We are told that one operation was performed in the light of an electric torch held by a nurse!

The hospital ambulance is horse-drawn. Since we drew attention to the existence of such vehicles in Fife, the public health bigwigs have provided a motor ambulance for some districts.

We think it's time they turned their attention to Pittenweem.

Someone b'undered

Another question of time concerns the Lake Hospital at Ashton-under-Lyne. The death of a patient there was unknown to his family until four days after it took place.

It is not enough to say that this was a deplorable accident. It must be made certain that such an accident can never happen again.

Ruined by the police

The same can be said about the case of Albert Guy, whose story was told by a detective to the Lambeth magistrate.

Guy went to jail in 1930 for fraud. On discharge he found a job as housing estate porter, worked so well that he was promoted superintendent of the estate, and lived happily with his wife until 1932.

Then the police arrested him for an offence committed before 1930. Again he went to jail and his home was broken up.

Below the belt

Now, down and out, he has just been sent to jail once more. When he comes out, he says, he will again try to "make good."

We hope he succeeds, and we hope that in future the police will carefully consider the circumstances before acting under an old warrant. In other words, let them avoid anything that suggests a blow below the belt.

The Fragrant Minute.

TO THE NEW YEAR

NEW Year, have a mind to be kind! For those who've suffered much, a gentler touch than in the twelve months past. Shield them from storm and blast and bring, Year, in your wake, some fun and laughter for their sake.

Give them, who live with fear, fresh courage, new-born Year, that they may take the journey's length with doubled and untroubled strength.

New Year! Bring us a song and right a wrong, and where a rank weed grows, plant there, good Year, a rose!

Bring for the weary a supporting staff. For Sad-heart, bring a laugh. For unemployed the work they sorely need. And for us all, the eyes and ears to heed signposts to Beauty, along the road called Duty.

Wilhelmina Stitch,

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor of JOHN BULL.

Stupidity's toll

Carl Goldschmidt has died of war wounds—while doing research work for a London hospital. The wounds were received eighteen years ago while fighting for Germany, and Germany recently turned him out for being a Jew.

We can think of no more biting commentary on the stupidity of war—and Hitlerism.

The Bishops shock 'em

The bishops and the ladies who control the Girls' Friendly Society are in disagreement.

The bishops want membership of the society extended to girls who are unmarried mothers. Very firmly, the ladies of the committee say "No."

On the side of—

The bishops argue that these girls are more than ever in need of the clubs and companionship that the society can provide.

But the ladies are adamant.

Most people, we fancy, will be on the side of the bishops.

Bad wireless jokes

Again, we think most parents will agree with the protest of Swansea Sunday School Union against the broadcasting of suggestive wireless jokes.

The B.B.C. have maintained a high standard of clean entertainment, and it would be regrettable if its reputation was marred because of an occasional lapse.

For its own sake, it must see that its variety shows are kept "unpolluted."

Bitter reality

The other day a Scottish laird referred to London as a city of people waxing fat at the expense of the rest of the country.

Well, a youth who came to London in the belief that its streets were paved with gold has been found dead in one of those streets—starved to death.

No city has streets of gold. And we shouldn't encourage people to think otherwise.

Penny problem

We suppose most people will be as pleased as ourselves that the Bow Street magistrate has dismissed a summons against a woman for not paying a tram fare.

The Ministry of Transport by-law under which she was charged puts the onus on the passenger every time—even if the conductor is too busy to ask for the fare, and even if people had to travel beyond their destination until he came to them!

Which, as the ancients would have said, is nonsense.

Ask us!

Quite recently we obtained arrears of pensions totalling £600 in four cases of ex-soldiers who had lost a limb. Other large sums were secured by our pensions department in the year that has just ended, while widows' and old age pensions also provided us with many successes.

Once again we invite all readers with pension problems to write to our pensions expert, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, for authoritative help.

No connection

Mr. Ernest J. Bailey, who trades under the name of W. Bailey in North Row, Covent Garden, and Castle Street, W.C.2, has asked us to say that he is in no way connected with E. Bailey and Co., of Castle Street, W.C., the firm we criticised in our issue of December 15 last. We willingly give publicity to his disclaimer.

Just a few of the 50,000 foreigners who are employed on British boats. There are 40,000 British-born seamen without a job . . .

THE BIG SCANDAL of the SEA

by the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.

"OUT of sight, out of mind" is an old saying, though it is said that "absence makes the heart grow fonder." There is no doubt that the people of this country, though a seafaring race, think little of the sailors who bring their tea, coffee and cocoa, their wheat and foreign fruit, and the raw materials for cotton and woollen products from the four corners of the world.

It is not that our people are ungrateful; they do not know of the hardship of the lives of those who "go down to the sea in ships."

If they did, they would support the efforts of the Seamen's Union and the Transport Workers' Union to improve the condition of life of the seamen, just as they did over sixty years ago when Samuel Plimsoll agitated on behalf of sailors who were sent to their deaths by unscrupulous shipowners.

He talked of the "coffin ships"—unseaworthy, overloaded and often over-insured—which were sent to sea. Only too often the owner reaped either high profits or, if the ships were lost, he wept crocodile tears and drew the insurance money.

☆ ★ ☆

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL introduced a Bill into the House of Commons to remedy this monstrous state of affairs. The Bill made some progress, but, unfortunately, Disraeli had to announce that it had to be abandoned for the time being. Plimsoll's feelings got the better of him, and he swore to "unmask the villains who have sent brave men to their death."

He so roused public opinion that the Government immediately passed a temporary measure to deal with the problem. Subsequently, permanent legislation was passed which was the foundation of the Merchant Shipping Acts, and established what is still called "the Plimsoll line"—the free board mark on ships below which they cannot legally be loaded.

These statutes govern certain of the conditions of employment on ships, but they are *hopelessly out of date to-day.*

Conditions have, of course, improved since Plimsoll's day, but I am afraid that the Merchant Service is the Cinderella of British industries. Yet it is essential to the very existence of our people.

I am not going to draw a harrowing picture of the danger of the seaman's life, nor of the arduous character of his daily duties. It does not need much imagination to appreciate the hardships and deprivations of the sailor's life.

What has prompted me to write this is that the Government has brought forward a Bill to give a subsidy of £2,000,000 to the owners of tramp ships, and to provide advances up to £10,000,000 for scrapping and rebuilding or modernising cargo vessels. What troubles me is that the owners are going to benefit, but there is no single word in the Bill directed to helping the crews of tramp ships.

Yet the position of the officers and the seamen demands consideration. There is very serious unemployment in the mercantile marine service. 40,000 British domiciled seamen are workless. Yet 50,000 seamen who are not residents of this country are employed on our ships.

The answer which we receive when we raise this question with the Board of Trade is that large numbers of them are "British subjects." Numbers are Chinese who hail from the British possession of Hong Kong. It is surprising how many "British" sailors Hong Kong has produced! Lascars, for the most part, seem to come from the British possession of Aden!

But even if the non-domiciled "British" seamen were British subjects, there is surely a moral obligation to give preference to our own kith and kin. I am pretty certain that Chinese and Lascars are not employed with a view to binding the Empire together. Otherwise cotton employers, coal owners and others would, as patriotic citizens, bring in people from the outposts of the Empire.

☆ ★ ☆

IT is not—as is suggested—only because on voyages in or across the Tropics that coloured labour is more suitable, and that the policy of employing Lascars and others is in the interests of British-born seamen. I fancy the real reason is that they are cheaper! Besides, not all the seamen employed on British ships are "British subjects."

It is claimed by the Board of Trade that the employment of non-domiciled British seamen and foreign has decreased. Even if it has, there is no justification for continuing the employment of this cheap form of labour when British-born sailors are standing idle.

An important British shipping company has, during the past three years, discharged over 700 white British sailors, firemen and catering ratings, and replaced them by Chinamen. This company has more than seventy vessels, only two of which carry complete white British crews.

What makes matters worse is that certain shipowners have transferred their ships to foreign flags in order to avoid British wage standards and conditions of employment.

There is the case of a firm which possesses a ship trading in the Mediterranean and picking up cargoes in competition with British-manned ships. This boat with a crew of sixteen has not a Briton aboard her.

Another firm owns a vessel which, at any rate last year, had a crew of fourteen, including seven Italians, three Russians, a Roumanian, an Armenian, a Yugo-Slav and a Frenchman. The mate was paid £7 14s. a month as against the British rate of £16 4s Other wages were equally below the National Maritime Board scale.

Moreover, in spite of their protestations of patriotism, British shipowners have sold ships to other countries. These ships are now engaged in competition with British merchant ships. One British firm which can be quoted sold between 1926 and 1929 six ships to Greeks, Scandinavians, Latvians and Italians.

The result of the actions of British shipowners of this sort has been to leave our own seamen standing at the docks watching seamen of other lands taking their places on British ships or ships which once flew the British flag.

But this is not the whole story. Qualified officers with no prospects are driven to take any rating they can get. Captain Coombs, of the Officers' (Merchant Navy) Federation, has recently asserted that "taking advantage of the cruel unemployment which has forced many officers to sell their houses, insurance policies, personal possessions, and come down in the end to depending on charity," certain companies have offered men work "on condition that they *secretly* return a part of their wages to the company."

☆ ★ ☆

APPRENTICES are being employed by some firms as a cheap substitute for seamen. A British firm of shipowners is engaging young officers with second mates' certificates and signing them on as "cadets" at £2 per month to act as seamen in its ships, taking the place of Lascars in latitudes where the employment of the latter is prohibited. In one particular case four young officers were signed on as "cadets," in addition to two apprentices, so that six young officers temporarily took the place of six Lascar seamen.

Apart, however, from working conditions, the seaman's life is no bed of roses. His living accommodation only too often is deplorable.

In the House of Commons, I referred to "the slums of the seas"—a phrase which excited a certain amount of pious indignation. Rear-Admiral Boyle Somerville, criticising the living quarters of ships during the war, said of them: "No place this at any time for men; but especially not for men tired out in the long watches below among the boilers and on deck . . . yet this was the region allotted to the crew, squeezed here into the least possible area by the greedy owners of the ship, so as to permit of more space elsewhere. The word 'Bolshevik' had not at that period of the war been invented; but that is what we felt like when we entered those quarters."

If these conditions—described by a hardened sailor—be true, what of the older boats? There are tramp ships which are rat infested, bug infested and insanitary. It is no credit to British shipowners that the Medical Officer for Newport reported that in 1929 one quarter of the British ships he inspected did not fulfil the sanitary standards laid down by the Board of Trade, and in 1932 that one out of every ten was insanitary.

☆ ★ ☆

NOW the tramp shipowners are complaining of the plight in which they find themselves; it must not be forgotten that they made large fortunes out of the war. It has recently been pointed out that within the past eighteen months shipowners have died leaving nearly £50,000,000. Profits have during the years since the war been diminished, yet all shipowners are not fit and proper applicants for Poor Law relief.

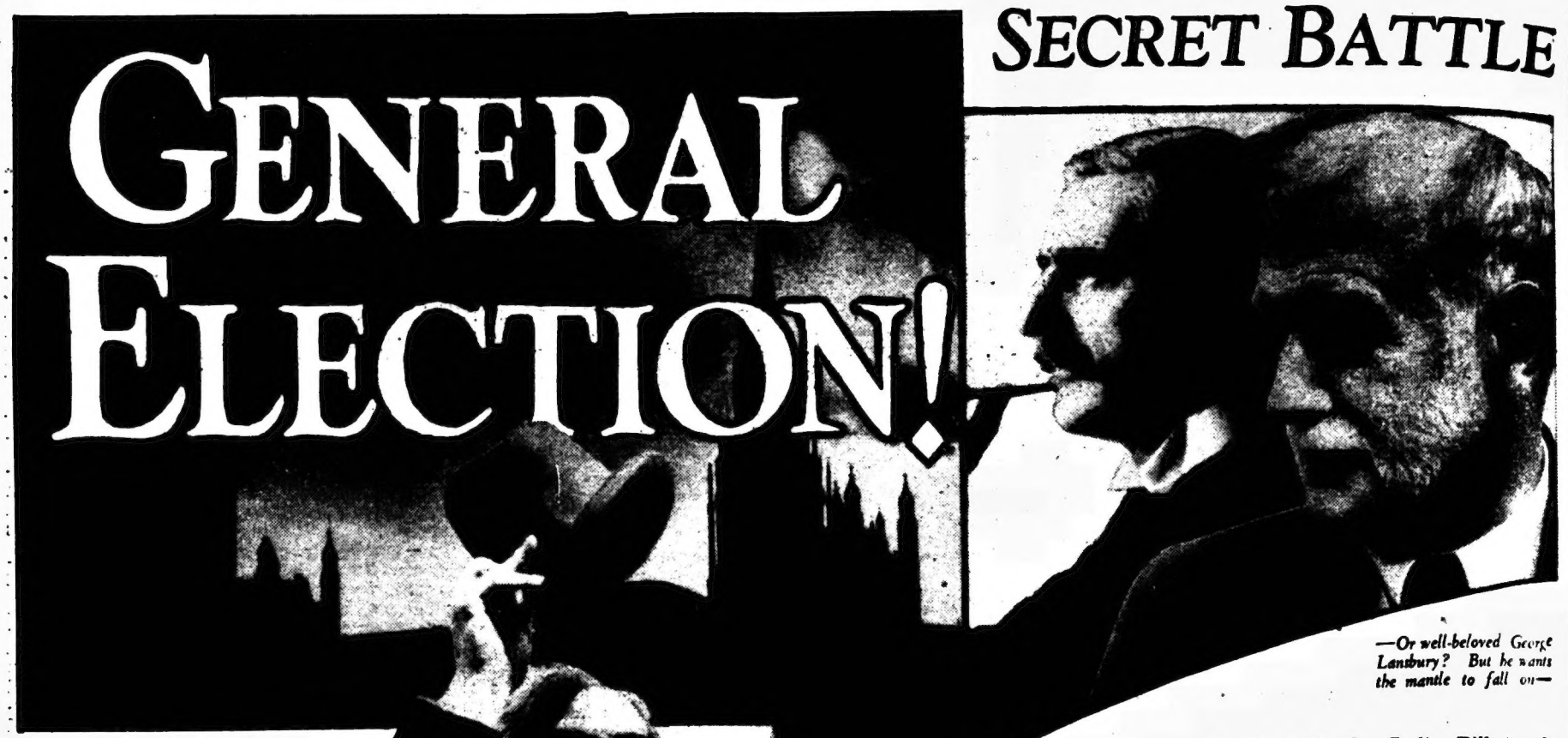
Yet, notwithstanding war profits, the profligacy of many shipowners since the war, overbuilding and rate cutting—and, of course, the policy of national self-sufficiency which afflicts this country and the world, and which has severely restricted world trade—the Government has come to the rescue of the tramp shipowners.

Is it not time that something should be done for the seamen and officers who man the ships?

What we need is a new "Plimsoll line"—not a "Plimsoll line" to be painted on the hulls of ships, but a "Plimsoll line" establishing enforceable standards of wages and conditions of employment and a square deal for British-born seafarers who run risks and dangers and suffer conditions which do not exist in any other calling.

GENERAL ELECTION!

SECRET BATTLE



—Or well-beloved George Lansbury? But he wants the mantle to fall on—

—Neville Chamberlain? He might play the part if only he could look the part...

If Ramsay says "Good-bye" and leaves the political stage, who will be the new star of Westminster?...

by

A POLITICAL EXPERT

NINETEEN - THIRTY - FIVE will be a great and exciting year in politics. It will certainly be the last full year in which the present National Government retains power.

Before the year is out all the odds are in favour of one of the most momentous General Elections in the history of British politics—a General Election which in its shattering and far-reaching results will change the whole face of public affairs.

Whenever it comes, either in the autumn of this year or in the Spring of next year, it will be a titanic battle for power. Great issues like the control of banking and credit, national reconstruction, the ending or mending of the House of Lords, will be fought out with a ferocity which has not been seen in politics for many years.

Secretly, behind the scenes, shrewd election organisers are already mobilising their forces, shaping their plans, and calculating their chances. But the more they examine the factors the more perplexed they become as to the outcome of this next appeal to the country.

Leap in the dark

In these days of huge electorates swinging backward and forward, anything may happen. In Conservative clubs it is already conceded that vast blocks of industrial seats will be won back by Labour. Some experts go so far as to admit 200 net gains by the Opposition. They would not be alarmed at this. After the swollen majority of the last General Election it would only be a normal swing-back. But what they are really worried about is that this movement towards the Left may develop into a landslide.

Estimates differ widely. Mr. Lloyd George believes that Labour will come out of the election with about 280 seats. One Labour organiser is of the opinion that his Party, for the first time, will have an absolute majority in Parliament. Other Labour supporters think that 250 at this General Election will be their peak figure. But whatever the result, it is clear that, for the Government, the appeal to the country must be a leap in the dark.

Counsels are divided as to when the General Election shall be, but on the Government side opinion is now turning strongly to the conclusion that the sooner it takes place the better. Experienced electioneers advise that there is no reason to suppose that the Government's prospects will improve. On the contrary, all political history points to the fact that the nearer a Government approaches the end of its tenancy the more its chances worsen.

All this is an argument for an early General Election, say, in the Spring, following a spectacular Budget which scatters gifts to all sections of the electorate.

But two overwhelming reasons prevent a Spring election. One is money and the other time.

On the money side a universally popular Budget is ruled out by the insistent demands of the Fighting Forces.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, at the Bristol Conference of his Party, accepted, and indeed encouraged, a resolution putting expenditure on the National Defences as above all other considerations. The rank and file of the Conservative Party will see that he keeps his pledge.

Besides defence, there is the increasing outlay on agricultural, fishing and shipping subsidies and the additional money that the Chancellor must find for distressed areas and unemployment assistance. All these are bound to make a gaping hole in any surplus on which he may have banked.

Die-hards' animosity

The time depends on the India Bill, which cannot possibly pass into law until the late summer or early autumn. The Cabinet is deeply and irrevocably committed to this measure. Honour and credit alike insist that they must see it through.

An added reason is that the National Government is firmly opposed to letting a possible future Labour administration deal with India on more advanced lines than the White Paper. Come what will, therefore, the Cabinet is forced to go on with the India Bill to the bitter end.

In doing this, Mr. Baldwin and the official Conservatives are ironically enough sowing the seeds of their own destruction.

Mr. Baldwin has, it is true, inflicted a smashing defeat on Mr. Winston Churchill and his Die-hards, but the wounds left by the controversy remain and must inevitably break out later on in a more aggravated form.

Mr. Baldwin has won, but he will never be really forgiven by the true-blue Tories. Only those, like myself, who have been at the Conferences when the battle was fought out can understand the deep and abiding animosities which have been created on the question of India.

Woe betide him!

By the use of his position as leader, and by the appeal to authority, Mr. Baldwin has obtained support for his policy, but the first time he makes a false step all the resentment will come back with a rush and out Mr. Baldwin will go with a bang.

The truth is that the Tory wild men hate their leaders doing Liberal things. The fierce roar of disapproval which always goes up at Conservative Conferences when the Irish settlement is mentioned is the surest sign of what the delegates really think, however they may vote at the bidding of the platform.

All through 1935 Mr. Baldwin's enemies will be lying in ambush. Woe betide him if they catch him in an unguarded moment.

The Conservatives are invariably like this in a Coalition. They continually fret and fume at the compromises inherent in working with others. Finally, human nature can stand it no longer and over goes the show!

Next to India, Sir E. Hilton Young's overcrowding Bill will be the most important measure of the session. This has also called forth indignant protests from the Conservatives, who have had to be placated with a promise that more compensation shall be paid to the owners of condemned slum property.

While the Tory leaders are having to meet this sustained criticism from extremists on the Right they are also compelled to turn roundabout and repulse an attack from the younger democratic Conservatives who are outraged at the Govern-

BEGINS BEHIND the SCENES

—Sir Stafford Cripps, who mightn't wear it professionally enough . . .

Hard-hitter Alexander, then? But he has a Co-op. preoccupation . . .

Or Herbert Morrison—will he cross Westminster Bridge for the bigger role? . . .

Arthur Greenwood? But they'd have to push him into the limelight.

And, whatever happens, "L. G." will be there in the front row of the stalls, keeping his watchful eye on the players

ment's disregard of economic reconstruction.

This demand for national planning is undoubtedly the most significant development in the present Parliament. It comes in the main from men like Mr. Harold Macmillan and Mr. R. K. Law (Bonar Law's son), who hear the rumblings of the approaching storm in the industrial areas and who call upon the Cabinet to devise measures to meet the new economic conditions.

But this is exactly what the old political guard will not do. The members of the present Cabinet have their feet firmly planted in the past. Almost without exception they reject "new-fangled" ideas. They suspect anything that looks dramatic or spectacular. The whole conception of national planning is rejected as something alien to the quiet, orderly, evolutionary methods of British constitutional practice.

It is this which has brought Mr. Lloyd George into the limelight again. The slogan of his new campaign "Get Something Done" is the reply of the man who during the days of the Great War did things with a wave of his hand or the dash of a pen and who is filled with wild impatience at the slow and tortuous methods of the orthodox politicians who hold the reins of power to-day.

Whatever else may come in 1935 it is certain that "L. G." will be very much in the picture.

"L. G." is ready

His sudden re-emergence means that he scents the battle from afar and intends to make one more bid for the power so rudely swept from his grasp twelve years ago.

Mr. Lloyd George can, of course, never be the leader of a great Party, but he does see the outside possibility of holding the balance of power in the next Parliament, and with all his old vim and magnetism he is going straight for the goal.

In this New Year it can be taken for granted that once more great audiences will be swayed by that silver voice and swept along on the stream of emotion and laughter by that inimitable master of the platform.

Inside his own subtle mind "L. G." is working out a fascinating game of political chess. He sees Labour coming back a strong political Party, but not strong enough to govern. He would like to control a small but very compact group of followers with whom he could bargain for power and influence.

His ideal would be to unite these forces together with a handful of young Disraeli Tories and then to take a prominent part in forming a National Government of the Left to replace the National Government of the Right.

And with this he would like to go ahead with a Rooseveltian policy for Britain. It is a daring scheme, brilliant in its conception—but one wonders! With all his ingenuity and wit it is hard to believe that, without Party or organisation, he can bring it off.

While "L. G." gets ready to take his call Ramsay MacDonald must soon quit the stage he has held so long.

If he goes—

Day by day the Premier's position becomes increasingly difficult, and although it is still likely that he will lead the National Government to the country at the General Election, it is extremely doubtful if he could retain his hold long after.

If the National Government lost, Mr. MacDonald would go at once. If it won he would be nominal Premier for a few months and then quietly retire into the background. The Tories would not stand another full term of office under him.

This naturally all depends on the supposition that Mr. MacDonald remains where he is till the next General Election. Before then circumstances may easily arise causing a much earlier break than can yet be foreseen.

An issue which may blow up into a storm at any time is that of new and heavy expenditure on armaments. It is an open secret that the Cabinet is not a completely happy family on this question of the money to be expended during the next few years on the Army, Navy and Air Forces. Pressed too hard by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Lord Hailsham and the other believers in a heavily armed nation, it is by no means outside the range of probabilities that the Premier might decide to go at once rather than swallow this last crowning humiliation.

If he went under such circumstances the country would at once be plunged into a most confused political situation Throughout the National experiment Mr. Baldwin has been Jonathan to Mr. MacDonald's David. Those who know Mr. Baldwin best believe that if Ramsay goes so will he.

That would leave Mr. Neville Chamberlain in the field as the undisputed leader of the Conservatives. He is an able, patient administrator —a master of detail and a perfect example of the sound men who graduate from local government—but he could never become a great popular leader—he looks too much like one of the grave-diggers in "Hamlet" for that!

But don't lose sight of Mr. Hore-Belisha. He is a slightly bizarre figure with his orange groves and looney ladders. But he was the one public man whose name was heard in every pantomime.

He knows that the only thing that matters is to be talked about—and everybody now talks Belisha. The young man sees himself as the new Disraeli, and stranger things have happened.

What of Labour? While he lives, and he has astonishing vitality, George Lansbury is its unchallenged leader.

Should Labour be in a position to take office after the General Election there is not the slightest doubt that George Lansbury would be the next Premier. And a very good Premier this thoroughly John Bullish old man would make. There is something strong, stable and sincere about "G. L." which would endear him to the whole country.

For the leadership when eventually it does become vacant four rivals stand very close together—Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Mr. A. V. Alexander.

—Who'll follow him?

Mr. Lansbury would like his mantle to fall on Sir Stafford, but I doubt whether the Labour Party would agree. He is young, sincere, disinterested—but he is, in the view of many, too much of an amateur to be entrusted with the control of a great Party.

Across Westminster Bridge, at the County Hall, Mr. Herbert Morrison is showing what he can do as Premier of London by way of equipping himself for the Premiership of the whole country. His stock is high and rising.

Of the four Mr. Arthur Greenwood is the best loved, but he has no liking for the House of Commons and no great ambition. He would take the leadership if it came his way, but I don't see him shoving and jostling to get there.

Mr. Alexander is a good, hard-hitting Parliamentarian and might conceivably become leader. His one drawback is that he is more closely associated with the Co-ops. than with the actual workings of the Labour Party.

Of other factors there is no need to write. Sir Oswald Mosley has shot his bolt. The Samuel Liberals are dead as mutton.

The real struggle for mastery which now begins is between the old political Parties, grouped together as Nationals, and the rising forces of Labour. By the Spring the issue will be fully joined. By the autumn the country will be ready to vote. And that vote will determine the main course of British politics for a generation.

[Of course, we mustn't lose sight of him . . .]

A Cheating Cleric

WEARING clerical dress, an impudent rogue is at present touring the country very successfully in the guise of a charitable welfare worker.

He describes himself as the Reverend John Alloyce Cummings, and claims to be attached to a Congregational church of whatever area he happens to be in.

The story he generally tells is that he is collecting for funds for the welfare branch of his church, and for certain alleged charities which he says are attached to it.

The last area in which he operated was Notting Hill, and inquiries there reveal the fact that he made something like fifty calls a day.

The truth about him is that he is a convict and not a clergyman.

He has been to prison on nine occasions for various offences, but he seems incorrigible.

As the bulk of the money he raises in this way goes into his own pockets, he is quite unworthy of support and should be rigidly shunned.

Every Animal-Lover Thanks You

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to J. HENDERSON STEWART, M.P.

DEAR HENDERSON STEWART,—Millions of animal lovers all over the country congratulate you upon the persistent fight you are waging to stop the export of old British horses to the Continent. They do so all the more because they know that, even after your failure during last Session to get the Commons to pass a Bill to check this iniquitous traffic, you went on with your crusade. . .

Although your Bill was supported by 381 M.P.s, a clear majority, and one which included men and women of all religions, the Government, to its shame, equivocated and excused and said, through the Minister of Agriculture, that they did not think a case had been established for legislation!

You and the 380 M.P.s who supported you desire to stop the export of live horses from this country for purposes of slaughter abroad. When aged horses are killed on this side of the Channel the circumstances are open to inspection. But if to the other side they are exported when alive—well, many of us tremble to think what becomes of them.

You and I cannot understand why the Government does not itself adopt the Bill.

George Arliss, that great humanitarian, has gone so far as to say: "It is amazing that English people have to go down on their knees and beg their legislators to enact laws against obvious cruelty to animals. Why have our humane societies not stopped this obvious cruelty? I can only suppose that they have been powerless to overcome the forces that find financial advantage in the filthy trade."

The great mass of the public does not know; but shortly after the war, horses that had served with the troops in France—yes, horses that had been under fire with the men—were sold to Belgium for slaughter in circumstances that were inhuman and cruel.

Surplus Dartmoor ponies were shipped to various Continental ports for slaughter. Pit ponies that had been nearly all their lives underground in the darkness went the same way. Horses that had drawn loads along London streets—yes, and former racehorses, some of which had been cheered to victory—were also the subject of a trade that is a disgrace and a scandal.

Cunninghame-Graham, that old crusader, spoke once again with his old fervour when, at a public meeting held in London nearly a year ago, he tried to focus public attention on the importance of passing your Bill.

"This is the third Bill of the kind before the House of Commons that has not been passed," he said. "Why have they not passed? Because of vested interests which have proved stronger than our humanity!"

Although we denounce in England the bull-ring and all its horrors and its shame, it was not long ago that aged English horses found their way into Spanish bull-rings. No one cared apparently what became of them, so long as they could sell them for a pound or two. Fortunately, English horses were not suitable for the bull-ring. They were "too intractable," it seemed. I suppose they would not stand still to be gored quietly enough.

British Governments have invariably been singularly deaf in regard to stopping cruelty to animals. Nearly always, it has been left to the insistent work of people like yourself.

I should have thought that the Government would listen to the last great appeal made to it. That was when Fred Fox, the jockey, was among the speakers at a large meeting held in London.

He had spent more than 30 years in racing stables. He spoke of how each horse was an individual, a personality, a being by itself. The jockeys knew this. So did trainers and all people who came closely into contact with horses. And yet, after long service to man, aged racehorses were being sold for a few pounds to finish their lives among strangers!

No, Britain's old horses are not sold abroad until they are too old to work here. Yet, when they reach the Continent, they are often compelled to work for years after our own laws would have stopped them. They drag on a miserable existence in a cruel service for which they are too old. They are all right in England. But once they reach foreign soil there is no guarantee.

If foreign nations insist on eating horseflesh, and if they like it, I do not see why you and I should stop them. Still, we can insist that British horses should be slaughtered on this side of the Channel, and that it is their carcases that go abroad and not the living animal.

It is all very well to hear Government apologists quote figures, and read carefully prepared statements in the House of Commons.

But you have recently returned from a tour of France, Belgium and Holland. You took with you a veterinary surgeon. You were accompanied by a skilled investigator.

Then you came back with a story that should shock the heart of Britain. You saw horses that were lame. You saw horses that were badly injured. You saw horses that were blind. Some were so terribly emaciated, with swollen legs, that they were hardly able to walk. The spectacle was unbelievable.

You came back indeed more earnest than you went, more determined than ever that the Bill that failed to pass last Session must pass this. You brought back photographs. You brought back facts. And you brought back figures.

I applaud the earnestness of your efforts. So do many thousands of my readers. Foreigners say the British are hypocritical. They cannot say there is any hypocrisy about the humanitarian work to which you are devoting so much time.

Because, after all, you see, you and the M.P.s who back up your efforts are only asking that the House of Commons should make certain that it will be impossible for British horses to suffer on the Continent conditions that are illegal in this country.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. HERBERT SMITH,
President, Yorkshire Miners' Association

DEAR HERBERT,—It is infuriating to know that, while so many miners are jobless, more overtime is being worked in Yorkshire pits than twenty years ago.

Your association is determined to take action not only against the collieries, but against the miners who thus break the Coal Mines Act.

There should be general agreement with your advice that men should leave the pits directly their time is up, except in cases of emergency. And there should be general regret that your outspoken warning is necessary.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Whatever your views on birth-control, I am sure you realise the harm that may result from the sale of contraceptives in slot-machines—a sale which is rapidly increasing.

It is revolting that any child with sixpence to spend may obtain such an appliance, and I demand that you take immediate steps to end this abominable evil.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. R. L. KITCHING,
Wetherby, Yorks

DEAR DOCTOR,—I'm glad you are going to find out what your fellow-doctors think about the caning of girls. You think its medical risks are so serious that it should be prohibited.

Meanwhile, the Board of Education refuses to commit itself, pleading that the matter is left to "the discretion of local authorities."

Well, if most doctors agree with you I'm afraid the Board will have to make up its mind. And won't it hate doing that!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Can't you take a few lessons from your colleague the Postmaster-General? In three months his cheap night 'phones have earned £50,000.

That's another proof that quick turnover and small profits mean, in the long run, bigger profits. Your plan of making food dearer and scarcer means just the reverse.

Sink your pride and admit you're wrong.

JOHN BULL.

HENRY PARKINSON,
West Gorton, Manchester

PARKINSON,—"Too proud" to apply for relief for your two hungry children, you are to serve a month in the second division for causing injury to their health.

Be sensible, man! Relief isn't charity, as you will know if you get a good job and have to pay into the public fund which is now willing to help you.

It's a matter of getting back in adversity what you paid in prosperity.

JOHN BULL.

Captain E. B. H. YOUELL,
Imperial Airways

DEAR CAPTAIN,—It isn't your fault that the public hears more of lesser pilots who do flash-in-the-pan flights than of you.

For you have been too busy flying a million miles in safety—equal to 1¼ years' continuous day and night flying—to bother about stunts.

But at least you have the satisfaction of being the only airman in the world to fly such a distance and get a Master Pilot Certificate. Well done!

JOHN BULL.

MATTHEW FAWCETT,
Edlington, nr. Doncaster

FAWCETT,—The cage in which you imprisoned a linnet measured three inches by four inches by four inches. For this, and for using birdlime to catch a bird, you have been sent to jail for one month.

But your prison cell will be too big for you.

JOHN BULL.

Judge T. B. LEIGH,
Manchester County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—"An appalling rate of interest!" you exclaimed when two women sought relief from a moneylender. They had borrowed without their husbands' knowledge at 422 per cent!

That moneylender, Mrs. Sarah Parker, could have taught Shylock something. But what are the authorities doing to prevent her levying such cruel extortion—nothing?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. W. HARRIS,
The Home Office

DEAR SIR,—I daren't hope that J.P.s will take any notice of your tirade against the old and deaf magistrates who preside over juvenile courts.

That type of magistrate is as deaf to criticism as to anything else.

Like myself, you say that understanding and insight into the difficulties of children are required. And how many of our ancient J.P.s possess those qualifications?

JOHN BULL.

The EARL OF DUDLEY,
Green Street, London, W.

MY LORD,—"Before the war, when work was over there was hardly anything else left to do except get drunk," you say. And you think that the decline of drunkenness is very largely due to the growth of the kinema.

I endorse your view—and commend it to those who want the kinemas shut on Sundays while leaving the "pubs" wide open.

JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE,
Manchester

GENTLEMEN,—

A "boy" and "girl" of three score years and ten
You helped to join in holy wedlock when.
On giving them relief, it reached your ears
They'd loved each other hopelessly for years.
The wedding breakfast you've arranged to pay—
A councillor's to give the bride away.
Of P.A.C.s, alas, there are but few
So kind and ready to be touched as you!

JOHN BULL.

County Councillor W. CLOUGH,
West Riding Education Committee

SIR,—So, despite your grumbles, a resolution has been passed which will remove blind persons from the stigma of the Poor Law.

You thought fit to protest against additions to the rates and "everybody being invited to help themselves from the public purse."

But unless I'm all wrong about Yorkshiremen, precious few of those who subscribe to the public purse will agree with your sentiments.

JOHN BULL.

by A. G. GARDINER

"He may be as helpless before her as Joe Gargery was in the presence of the terrific "Mrs. Joe"—a scene from the screen version of "Great Expectations."

A Kinder LAW for Husbands

mium on irregular unions, and which has ceased to have any justification now that women have entire control of their own property.

If we ask how it is that these manifest injustices are imbedded in the law, the answer is simple. They are the legacy of the past and of a matrimonial relationship that is as dead as Queen Anne.

Up to a time still within living memory married women not only had no vote: they had practically no legal status They were the chattels of the husband. When a woman in early Victorian days married, her existence was legally merged into that of her husband.

If she had money the title to it passed from her to him. If she spent any of it she spent it only as a servant in the house would spend it, on his account and by his authority.

In practice, of course, it was not so in many cases; but that was the law. And being the law, it followed that the only way of suing her was through him. He alone possessed the money, and if his wife was a spendthrift he was as justly responsible as he would have been if his agent had been a careless servant instead of his wife.

And from this same humiliating dependence of the married woman came the other obligations of the husband. He was responsible for his wife's "torts" and her contracts. If she had a venomous tongue he was liable for its mischiefs. If she did damage to her neighbour he had to stand the racket.

But the position of the married woman has been revolutionised in the past fifty years. Her legal independence has been established. If she owns property her husband has no more control over it, in law, than her neighbour next door has. In every direction her equality with her husband is as complete before the law as it is in the political sphere.

All this constitutes the greatest and most beneficent change that has ever taken place in our social system. But in making the change we have left untouched the liabilities of the husband which were proper when his wife had no independent existence but which should have been removed when her legal equality with him was established. Hence the anomalies, to some of which I have referred.

She will welcome it

It is these anomalies with which the report of the Law Revision Committee deals. That body, by the terms of its reference, was not permitted to make a clean sweep. The right of the woman to pledge her husband's credit for "necessaries," and the husband's liability to pay income tax on his wife's income were outside the scope of the reference. But the Committee clearly indicate that the latter liability should be abolished

For the rest, the Committee are for a root-and-branch reform. They proceed upon the sound and irrefutable principle that the married woman, having had her independence recognised, should be placed on the same footing as the unmarried woman or the man.

If she commits a "tort" she and not her husband, must be held responsible. If she has got into debt either before or after marriage, the liability must be hers. She must be subject to bankruptcy in the same way as her husband or her unmarried sister, and if, having money, she refuses to pay, she must be equally liable to imprisonment.

No reasonable woman will cavil at these proposed amendments of the law, which will compel the unreasonable woman to control her tongue, her actions and her extravagance, or take the consequences herself.

As for the husband who is afflicted with a vixenish or a spendthrift wife, the report is a promise of at least partial deliverance. He will no longer be scourged for his wife's offences, or called upon to pay his wife's own debts.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Whitehall Showmen

SEND us all publicity, for ev'rybody's doing it—
Advertising ev'rywhere in ev'ry kind of way!
Those who do not keep in step will very soon be ruing it!
Blow your trumpet! Bang your drum!
You'll find that it will pay!

Ev'ry brand of soup and soap, patisserie and pottery,
With their points and prices are imprinted on the mind;
Space for further advts. is rushed like tickets for a lottery—
Ev'ryone must go the pace or quickly drop behind!

So our worthy Government, all happy and all glorious,
No more 'neath a bushel are inclined to hide their light;
To confound their critics of a character censorious,
They, with films and posters, are preparing now to fight.

Come! Walk up and see the show! No freaks or monsters sinister,
Just our gifted rulers—twopence coloured, penny plain!
It isn't ev'ry day that you can gaze upon a Minister—
Such an opportunity may not occur again!

It is a wise circus that employs its own brass band and ensures that its posters are the best that money can buy and imagination devise.

For the experienced showman knows that, even if he has to economise in tigers and deprive the elephant of its weekly manicure, he must at all costs have the hoardings well covered with bills depicting all the animals that were in the ark (and are not in the circus) doing all the things that no animal has ever been known to do except on circus posters.

This being so, it is eminently fitting that the National Government should have decided to embark upon an ambitious advertising campaign early in 1935.

Sir Kingsley Wood, who has been so successful in proclaiming the virtues (and concealing the vices) of the telephone, has been appointed generalissimo of an army of loud (and long) speakers, writers and film producers, and it will not be his fault if he does not make the Government as well known as the most popular soap or the most elegant brassiere.

* * *

That the film is to be used in this offensive suggests particularly captivating possibilities. Some Ministers have already faced the film camera without causing Hollywood to become in the least excited, but—who knows?—before long Ramsay, of the dreamy eyes, may rival the great Garbo as the screen's most enigmatic beauty.

And Laurel may yet have to look to his laurels (and those of Hardy also) when Jim Thomas is taught to put across his wisecracks with the professional polish already revealed by his boiled shirt.

The publicity experts will not, of course, have an easy job in making "stars" out of rushlights, but doubtless they are hoping that electors, like kinema patrons, will not be too critical in comparing performance with promise.

Meanwhile Ministers are resolved that if they do not quickly secure an army of fair fans it will not be for want of fanfares:

In booklets and on posters we
Intend to tell the earth.
About our great capacity,
Our wisdom and our worth;
And, as we haven't much to tell
About achievements high,
We'll do our best some dreams to sell—
Who'll buy a dream, who'll buy?

As "up and up and up" we go,
Like skyward-soaring birds.
And "on and on and on," we'll show,
If not by deeds, by words,
That we by this time should have won
Disciples quite a few—
If not for what we've so far done
For what we'll some day do!

JOHN BULL.

Royal Jubilee *Exploited*

THIS is the Silver Jubilee year of the King's accession. With devoted loyalty and affection, the subjects of His Majesty in Britain and the Empire will unite during the month of May in splendid celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Coronation.

Already the Government programme of rejoicings has been planned and is under the control of a special committee of the Cabinet, the members of which are co-operating with Lord Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain.

In addition, a number of schemes—designed to commemorate in permanent form the great occasion—have been officially approved, and are receiving enthusiastic support.

Unfortunately, other projects of an entirely different nature are on foot, in which private individuals, with no particular status, are seeking to exploit the Royal Jubilee.

It is the duty of JOHN BULL to issue a serious warning to the public in this connection.

We would draw special attention to one such enterprise in which a disgraceful use is made of the King's name. The impertinence of the man behind the concern is beyond all reasonable bounds. He is a person who calls himself V. de Levasseur-Haigh, has an address in an old house in the Brixton Road, London, and signs himself "Major (retd.)."

"TOKEN OF LOYALTY"

Lately, Levasseur-Haigh has been circulating the following letter to possible investors:

"Sir or Madam,

"It is proposed to form a syndicate for the erection of a kinema and restaurant, as a token of loyalty to H.M. the King upon the 25th anniversary of his reign.

"Knowing His Majesty's deep concern for the welfare of his subjects, especially ex-Service men, the primary object of the enterprise is to celebrate in a practical way the Jubilee by the employment of men who stood by their country's need.

"This building, apart from being a place of amusement, will be constructed so as to form a lasting memorial to His Majesty's twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Throne.

"*At the same time it is in no way intended as a charitable concern, but a good investment to those wishing to take shares as a token of loyalty to the Crown.* It is anticipated that when going the dividends will be in the region of 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. [The italics are ours.]

"Every endeavour will be made to allot the number of shares applied for in each case, but, as an overwhelming response is anticipated to this proposal, applications must be dealt with in order of priority.

"We have no hesitation in recommending this investment to serious consideration, backed as it is by some of the most honourable men of the realm.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, or Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"V. de Levasseur-Haigh."

No less a sum than £500,000 is the amount which this retired major is seeking to obtain from the public on the excuse that he is promoting a memorial to the King's Jubilee.

According to his estimated figures £250,000 is to be expended on a site and £150,000 on building costs.

Whether the major is primarily concerned—on the financial side—with providing employment for ex-Service men or himself with a well-paid position is a point we leave our readers to decide.

The experience of JOHN BULL is extensive, but we never remember such an outrageous attempt to secure money from the public as is evidenced in that circular.

Subscribe to my kinema, says Levasseur-Haigh, in effect, out of loyalty and affection for the King, and you will be paid for your loyalty and affection to the extent of 20 per cent. (perhaps).

Of course the scheme is no more than an ordinary commercial speculation—good or bad—as one views the capabilities of Levasseur-Haigh, Major (retd.).

The introduction of the name of the King is—we need scarcely add—com-

Lord Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain, is mainly responsible for the organisation of the King's Silver Jubilee celebrations

AN INSULT TO HIS MAJESTY

pletely unauthorised. How a man who held His Majesty's Commission during the war could dare to distribute such a letter passes the understanding of ordinary people.

But there is more behind this disgraceful project than is apparent on the surface, as our disclosures will show.

An impertinent endeavour was made by Levasseur-Haigh to secure the consent of a famous peer to accept a position on the board of directors of his syndicate. In approaching the peer, Levasseur-Haigh made use of the name of a distinguished general, who, he pretended, was interested in the scheme.

* * *

He gave further particulars of the suggested kinema, as under:

"The Columbia Pictures, Ltd., have expressed their willingness to co-operate and would use the house for all their first releases.

"A certain measure of financial support has been provisionally promised, and I have reason to be confident that upon throwing the lists open to the public, the issue would be heavily oversubscribed.

"The proposed site of this new kinema-restaurant is in Knightsbridge, facing Sloane Street and backing on to Hyde Park—an ideal situation.

"The promised co-operation of the Columbia Pictures, Ltd., is an assurance of first-class entertainment, and practically a decimation of advertising costs."

THE PEER'S REPLY

Naturally, the peer was bitterly indignant at being asked to assist in the promotion of a commercial concern masquerading under false colours.

His reply to Levasseur-Haigh was in the plainest language:

"I write to say that I consider the proposal is not only an insult to the King, but also to his subjects, especially ex-Service men, and incidentally to myself."

Our enquiries show that this fellow Levasseur-Haigh has very little basis for the claims he makes, and no authority whatever for using famous names.

One distinguished general whose name has been used in most impudent fashion disavows the man entirely.

"He has no authority to use my name," he declares. "Major Haigh served during the war as a subaltern in a unit of artillery, which was raised by a committee of which I was the chairman. I know nothing about the nature of his services, except that he went to France and was invalided out of the Service before the Peace.

"During the last year he has informed me that he has been occupied on a scheme for a kinema and restaurant in Knightsbridge, with which *I am in no way connected*, although Major Haigh inflicted a conversation about it on me a short time ago, when he more or less forced himself into my flat, after I had refused to see him."

On the commercial side of his syndicate, Levasseur-Haigh is also making statements which are untrue.

Columbia Pictures, Ltd., of Wardour Street, London, resent the unauthorised introduction of their name into the cadging circulars.

What is more, no undertaking has been given by the company to grant first release of its important pictures to any suggested kinema in Knightsbridge. Levasseur-Haigh would be in exactly the same position as that of any other kinema manager who desired to rent their films.

Thus Levasseur-Haigh stands revealed as a man who is endeavouring to induce investment in his syndicate by the ridiculous pretence of commemorating the Silver Jubilee of the King.

DANGEROUS GROUND

Our advice to Levasseur-Haigh, Major (retd.), is that he should immediately withdraw his obnoxious circulars and discontinue his blatant attempt to exploit the loyalty and affection which British people have for the King.

And, finally, we suggest that V. de Levasseur-Haigh, of the Brixton Road, London, should discontinue fostering a scheme in which there are so many pitfalls.

A Good Man *Penalised*

THE Birmingham City Council must look into the circumstances under which Alfred Walter Jones has been dismissed without a character from his post in the water department.

An ex-police officer, without a stain on his conduct sheet, Jones was an inspector in the parish of Aston.

For three years he was engaged upon corporation work, in which he excelled himself.

To-day he is eking out an existence, striving to maintain his wife and three children, frustrated in his efforts to secure employment by the uncomplimentary letters that have been issued about him.

He is a victim of official prejudice and jealousy which began one day a little more than two years ago when he organised a collection for the wives and families of two men whose employment was temporarily suspended.

* * *

Some weeks later, Jones rightly drew attention to the fact that the windows of the office in which he and a dozen others worked could not be made to open.

The ratepayers' money, he found, was being wasted in abortive summonses sent out to people dwelling in houses where water was wasted through no fault of their own.

The defects which were pointed out by Jones were remedied, but, apparently, public-spirited actions like these were not to be tolerated in Birmingham, and his commendable zeal was not appreciated.

Without a reason being afforded him, he was dismissed. A councillor he approached mentioned "minor differences."

When he went to an employer to look for a job, a letter was sent which was sufficient to prevent his being engaged.

Jones with his wife and family have steadily gone down the hill. Neither a splendid war record nor his exemplary character as a police officer has availed him in the face of the adverse comments despatched from the offices of the City Council of Birmingham.

We suggest to the responsible authorities that this is a scandal that should receive attention without delay.

Weekly Informations from

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

It was called "The Devil's Den"—but now they have changed its name . . .

DEVIL'S DEN OF Rogues

IT is amazing to think that a coterie of hardened crooks, who specialise in swindling the public on a big scale, could be so candid as to endow one of their dubious enterprises with such a picturesque title as "The Devil's Den." Yet this is but one remarkable feature of a series of frauds which has just been investigated by my department.

The two principal rogues concerned are John Evans and Alan Thomas, both men of considerable attainments, but possessing in common an inability to go straight.

"The Devil's Den" was the title they gave to a modern petrol-filling station at Feltham, Middlesex, and it has certainly proved to be one for a number of unfortunate people who have lost heavily in the venture.

But other people's losses do not trouble this precious pair. Latterly they have simply changed the name of the station to "The Double Diamond," though their efforts to defraud the public remain unaltered.

They have several other business ventures in different parts, all varying in their nature, and it is no exaggeration to say that they have swindled people, through one medium or another, in all parts of the country.

Perhaps their most imposing enterprise is the Central Direct Supply Co. (London), Ltd., which is functioning busily from impressive headquarters at Holborn, London.

In this particular concern it is chiefly Evans and Thomas who provide the lustre of their engaging personalities to the company.

Chain shops

The aim of the Central Direct Supply Co. (London), Ltd., is to open and control a chain of provision shops throughout the kingdom, in which every type of foodstuff can be bought at the cheapest prices.

Evans started life as a butcher, and this may explain why a large section of every shop is to be fitted up for the sale of the best English meat.

With the most elaborate printed matter, figures, plans and the like, Evans and Thomas have held out promises of huge profits, and, although the Central Direct Supply Co. (London), Ltd., has only been in existence a few months, numerous investors have already been induced to hand over money.

Some investors risked hundreds of pounds under the sway of these two enterprising provision merchants, in the belief that several shops of the "chain" are already established and making money.

They have been sadly misled; no shop, so far as the auspices of the Central Direct Supply Co. (London), Ltd., is concerned, has been opened anywhere. It is true that several businesses have been started by Evans and Thomas elsewhere, but all of them are ventures about which there have been constant complaints.

Smart offices

Latterly at Holborn there has been considerable activity on the part of some of those who parted with money on the promise of definite profits within a short space of time.

Though the date of these supposed payments has long since passed, there is little satisfaction for dupes when they request payment from either Evans or Thomas.

I am not surprised to find, too, that numerous creditors who have supplied goods and provisions of all sorts and sizes, have been quite unable to secure payment.

Some have found it necessary to obtain legal aid in the forlorn hope of receiving their belated dues.

The well-furnished offices, I find, were equipped from a Holloway store on credit, and even the linoleum has not been paid for! A fine start for a chain of super shops!

Delving into the tangled operations of Evans and Thomas, one finds complaints and chaos everywhere.

While these men can afford to live in luxury, and drive about in handsome cars, they leave a permanent trail of ruin in their wake.

A shop, for example—nothing to do with the Central Direct Supply Co. (London), Ltd.—was opened a few months ago in Market Parade, Bromley. It was stocked with goods which were obtained from trusting wholesalers and not paid for, and these two bright "merchants" did a roaring trade until their real characters were found out.

When they were being besieged by creditors, and the landlord had refused to wait any longer for his rent, they performed a "moonlight flit."

In the early hours of a recent morning a three-ton lorry, manned by a number of their associates, arrived on the scene. All the remaining goods were packed into the lorry with feverish haste, and that was the end of the Bromley store!

Vanishing tricks

Actually, the goods were taken straight from this vacated shop to an establishment in North London. This was an empty shop in Holloway Road, which has since blossomed forth into another of the Evans-Thomas provision ventures—run, I should add, independently of the Central Direct Supply Co. (London), Ltd.

Gill, a third confederate, worked with these indefatigable rogues in an earlier scheme which was operating until recently in Albion Street, King's Cross. It dealt in provisions of every kind.

Meat, tea, sausages, skins, and even furniture and metal polish were obtained from dupes in all parts, and, after about six months of seemingly prosperous trading, Evans and Thomas performed another of their vanishing tricks, leaving everybody unpaid.

So I could go on citing case after case in which shops have been opened, companies formed, and the public and trading firms fooled and swindled with a persistence which is really amazing. There is no end to their impudence, for I am able to reveal that their latest plan is to form another company, with an authorised capital of several thousands of pounds, and through a lofty programme, on which they are now working, secure a batch of fresh investments and goods as before.

I sincerely hope, following this exposure, that the authorities will find time to investigate their complicated operations and see what punishment can rightly be found for them.

If, as I hope, such an eventuality arises, it will not be the first time that justice has overtaken them. Both have been in jail for various offences.

About three years ago Evans was convicted and sentenced, in his real name of John Cannon, at the Old Bailey to eighteen months' hard labour for a cruel swindle on an elderly widow, who had the misfortune to meet him through answering one of his advertisements.

He was a so-called "Business Adviser" then, and told this woman that he had several property deals in hand which would make a lot of money for any investor who was willing to put up a substantial sum of money with the courage to face "just the remotest element of risk."

The poor woman found that the "element of risk" was very real, and by the time Evans was in the dock she had lost upwards of £650 and had been reduced to pawning her jewellery to pay her way

Thomas, who is a very clever accountant, and adept at "cooking" figures, on one occasion served a sentence in connection with a series of financial swindles he ran from an office in the City in conjunction with several other men who were arrested with him. He has been notorious for years.

Colourful

In another venture they were assisted by an ex-convict who has been to prison for various petty crimes such as larceny and theft. He has climbed several rungs of the criminal ladder, though, since he has been in the distinguished company of Evans and Thomas

I trust that the fraudulent operations of this trio of tricksters will soon be brought to an end.

JOBS *that* SPELL TRAGEDY

BEHIND the death of a young man who was recently found gassed in his room at Dyott Street, Holborn, is a story which began in duplicity and ended in tragedy.

The victim was Mr. Raymond H. Chamberlain, who some little time ago had been persuaded to invest £125 in a business which proved worthless.

He had responded to an advertisement in a London newspaper which called for a young man to fill a position of trust with an established firm. As a result he had the questionable privilege of meeting Patrick O'Neill, whose plausibility impressed him to such an extent that he invested the whole of his savings in an estate agency business.

With this young man's £125 in his possession O'Neill was full of optimism, promises and plans. On May 9, 1934, he registered the Belgrave Estate Agency, and rented small and unimpressive offices in Belgrave Road, Victoria, S.W.

There was also another young man who became a partner in the newly-formed agency. For less than four weeks it attempted to carry on, but the amount of business done was so small that there was not enough work to keep an office-boy fully occupied, much less three partners.

Seeing that all promises of success were melting away, Chamberlain demanded the return of his money.

"Don't be a young fool," he was told. "If you take your money out of the business now you will never forgive yourself. Everything is going to be all right, if you have a little patience."

But his cheery optimism was not justified. Before the end of the first month Mr. Chamberlain had difficulty in drawing his salary.

Then followed a dismal Monday when Pat O'Neill failed to appear. His partners searched for him for a few days but without success.

It was a tragic situation for Mr. R. H. Chamberlain. He was again unemployed and all his savings had gone.

There can be little doubt that this loss preyed on his mind and drove him to end his life

Recording a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind, Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the coroner, said that he was very miserable having lost his money to a scoundrel who had promised to find him employment

Others have been persuaded to invest money in this concern. A young man living with his parents in Bassett Road, Ladbroke Grove London, W., who was unemployed and had come into a small legacy, decided to invest £125 in Messrs. Attwood and Co., Estate and Business Agents, of St. Martin's Lane, London—another of the concerns established by O'Neill. It began trading on February 14, 1934, and after a brief and inglorious career collapsed on May 8, 1934.

It is typical of O'Neill's impudence that on May 9 the day following the "ceased trading" notice of Attwood and Co., he registered the Belgrave Estate Agency, of Belgrave Road, Victoria.

We are growing tired of commenting upon employment-with-investment frauds, but the foregoing tragic story proves how essential it is that the public should be safeguarded against such snares.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

DIG MONEY FOR YOU. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz 1/- line for 1 pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

HOSIERY & UNDERWEAR. Write or call to-day for Illus. Winter Catlg. of wonderful Bargains. Bigger profits without risk. Beginners instructed. —RAYON SILK CO (J.), 9, Friday St. E.C.4.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends and others. Big profits. Catalogue and particulars free.—EMPIRE HOSIERY CO. Dept. J.B., Empire House, London, E.C.1.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

SALARY, COMMISSION and EXPENSES offered to reliable and trustworthy REPRESENTATIVES (either sex) showing proof of ability, with the largest Mail Order House in the British Empire.

Owing to expansion of the business, opportunities occur in all districts throughout Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The work is interesting, congenial, and profitable to energetic and methodical persons

The positions are both permanent and progressive, and the Company, which has its own huge factories and thousands of employees, is just approaching its best period of the year. Reply in confidence, giving particulars of age, experience, etc., to:—THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD., Devonshire Street Ardwick, Manchester.

A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY.

for Spare Time Agents will be found in the full-page announcement of Messrs.

AMBLER PRICE & COLE, LTD.,

on the inside front cover. This proposition is one that

SELLS ON SIGHT,

and additional income can easily be earned. Agents are paid

COMMISSION EVERY WEEK.

This is your chance to be better off in 1935. Don't fail to read the letters at the foot of the advertisement. Then fill in the coupon and post it to-day to Dept. J.B., AMPRICO HOUSE, ACTON LANE, LONDON, N.W.10.

EMPLOYMENT

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 263, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 90,000 successful pupils.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1935 (FREE) Contains information on pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, London.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE —Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required). Commence £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

CAREER as Accountant, Auditor, Company Secretary, Cost Accountant, Office Manager, Cashier or Book-keeper is within the reach of every ambitious office worker who will train by post with The School of Accountancy. Send for Free 180-p. Guide.—The School of Accountancy, 669, Bush House, W.C.2.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1935 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex, ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171) 29, Oxford Street W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING (lowest prices). Catalogues, Schedules, Magazines, Price Lists, Dup. Books. All kinds of Stationery. Samples 2d. Mead's (60)Sandy

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 100 1/9. 200 2/6. H'bills, 1,000 7/6. Scentcards, 500 10/-. Samps —Tice's, 14 Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

MAKE big money with the New Adana High Speed Automatic Printing Machine. Nothing has been spared to produce this smooth-running, high-class, fast printing machine. Any size of paper, card or made-up cartons, etc., can be printed. Standard printer's type and blocks of all descriptions can be used as well as line, colour, register and half-tone work.—Write at once for free illustrated particulars and samples of work to D. A. Adana, Dept. J.63, 17/18, Church Street, Twickenham.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 53 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Uneedus" 70/72 Arundel St. Portsmouth.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue
Address: The Advert Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHINA. 120 articles Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/- 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 cups & Scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'dware Cat. Catlg. & Guide, worth £'s, FREE Bridge St. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. ROLL. NEW 1935 Designs. Patterns Post Free —BRUCE AND HALL (J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks — List JB1543 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

WOOL SALE.—Write for Sale Patterns. Knit from 1d. oz. Rug 6½d. lb. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd., (Dept. 71), 163, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons, List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

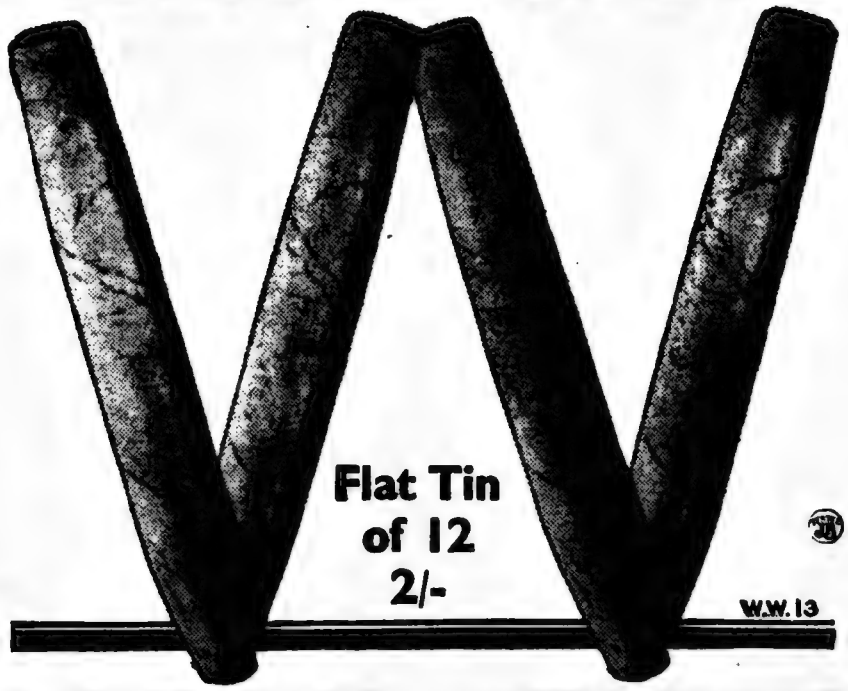
WONDERFUL furnishing values are offered by Bolsom's, whose January sale announcement appears on pages 4 and 5. The stocks of high-grade lounge, dining and bedroom suites are limited. Order early and be sure to address your post order to Dept. No. J.1, 40-44, Strand, London, W.C.2. Free delivery of goods is arranged in England and Wales. Carriage forward only in Scotland, Ireland and addresses off the mainland. Cheques, M.O.s and P.O.s should be crossed. Treasury Notes should be registered.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Berkeley Chair advt. on page 25. This will bring an illustrated catalogue of all models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of coverings, patterns, etc. The Superlax model illustrated is unrivalled for value. Modern in design, it is suited to everyone—tall or short for with its patented automatic action you can have exactly the position you want—upright, reclining or lounging—without adjustment and without getting out of the chair. 10/- secures this handsome Easy Chair—the balance can be paid by monthly instalments. The first step—write for a free copy of the Berkeley illustrated catalogue or fill in the coupon on page 25.

WILLS's WHIFFS

have
the fragrance
and smoking qualities
of a high-priced cigar.

Cartons of 3 for 6D & 6 for 1/-



BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5, Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approval (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

GARDEN SHEDS, Greenhouses and Portable Buildings of all kinds from 2s. 6d. down. All sectional and easily erected by anyone. Better and cheaper than building yourself. Send for beautifully illustrated art catalogue showing a wonderful range of designs. This catalogue will save you money, so write for it to-day.—J. Thorn & Sons, Ltd., Box 46, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

USE RUG WOOLS! Let us send you our 1935 1/- Book of Designs. It's free if you mention *John Bull*. A p.c. will do. Write to Readicut Wool Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Ossett, Yorks.

EVERY HOME should have a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. Your boys will never tire of playing billiards, and they won't want to go out at night. For only 8/- down you can have a Riley "Home" Billiard Table on 7 days' free trial. Make it a New Year surprise for the boys and write NOW for Art List and particulars of the free trial in your own home. Send to Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd. Anson Works, Accrington.

KEEP YOUR FEET Warm and Dry. Get the All-Rubber Utility Boot advertised by Messrs. Nuttall in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on page 29. It's absolutely waterproof and is the ideal Boot for all engaged outdoors. Note the remarkably low price.

FREE.—A fully illustrated 12-page book describing Hobbies British Fretwork outfits and the hundred-and-one things that can be made with each will be sent to every reader who writes to Dept. 45, Hobbies, Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk. Every parent or relation interested in a boy should write for a copy of this interesting free book. Send for this to-day! Mention *John Bull* when writing.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1935 Catalogue & Gardening Guide, 152 pages, 270 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 42/-. 7/- monthly. Banjos, Guitars, Drums, Trumpets, all Accessories, etc. 1935 44-p. cat. free.—Terms, RAYMOND, J.B., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you and plenty of good entertainment with a Robey Wireless Set. New range of 1935 models now ready and all supplied on the easiest of terms. Just send a p.c. bearing your name and address for Free Catalogue to Chas. T. Robey, Ltd., Wireless Warehouse, Dept. D., Coventry

CONVERT YOUR RADIO SET to a quality Radio-Gram. Simple to do and quite inexpensive. For details see advt. of Cosmocord, Ltd., in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on page 29.

DOUBLE your radio enjoyment by adding a STENTORIAN Permanent Magnet Moving Coil. Remarkable increase in volume and new vivid realism. Write for special free leaflet describing this wonderful adjustment to Whiteley Electrical Radio Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.34), Radio Works, Mansfield, Notts.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34/38, Codnor, Derby.

WHOOPING COUGH. — VAPO-CRESOLENE, the surest, safest, best-known and quickest form of relief. Write for Booklet No. 45R to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

PROTECT your child's chest this winter. One bottle of Scott's Brand Emulsion has all the illness-fighting power of six days' warm summer sunshine. It also builds bone, muscle, blood and strength. Doctors specially recommend Scott's Brand Emulsion, because it actually builds up three times more germ-resisting power than ordinary malt and oil. See page 25.

A FREE copy of Fennings' "Everybody's Doctor," published by a firm of over 70 years' standing, will be sent to every reader who writes, mentioning *John Bull*, to Allied Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

DON'T overlook Mr Shadforth's New Year offer of a free book (published at 2/6) with every order for any of the home remedies advertised in his announcement on page 27. There's a Shadforth remedy for every common ailment. Those which are seasonal appear in the advt. Order now and accept the free offer, which is available for a limited time only.

FREE offer to all sufferers from leg troubles. Write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd., Dept. 15, Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of Elasto, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free book, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how this great blood revitaliser cures through the blood

CATARRH sufferers should write to Mr. Allan Cooper, 60, Strand, London, W.C.2, to learn how, without cost or obligation, they can rid themselves of Catarrh, Head Noises and Catarrhal Deafness. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing for particulars of this simple treatment to tackle the annoying and distressing condition arising from catarrhal complaints.

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets will keep you immune from colds, catarrh, headaches, etc. A free sample will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Laboratories, Dept. 8E, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. This offer appears on page 26.

FREE: If you would like to try a sample bottle of WINCARNIS—a pure delicious wine reinforced with the energising vitamins, the nerve building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts, simply send 4½d. in stamps (for postage etc.) to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 109, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. If you are run down, or if you have been ill start taking WINCARNIS to-day. The first step—send for a generous free sample and mention *John Bull* when writing. This offer appears on the Front Cover.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash or return. —Bentley & Co. 65 New Bond St., London, W.1

MISCELLANEOUS

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Finex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

IF your children's party must succeed—Rowntree's Jellies are what you need! Don't fail to get Rowntree's and make your party a hit! Your little guests will love the marvellous flavour of these excellent jellies, which contain real fruit juices. There are twelve flavours to choose from. Only 4½d. a packet. A free gift coupon is included.

BEGIN now to condition your dog correctly—give him a Bob Martin condition powder morning, noon and night every Saturday and Sunday. His eyes will be clear and bright and his coat will gleam with a lovely bloom of health. See page 22.

FREE.—Give your dog a treat by writing to Dept. J.B.8, John Wright (London), Ltd., Bermondsey Wall, S.E.16 for a generous free sample of Cremma Dog Cakes — scientifically tested for food value. Dogs thrive on them.

FREE.—Send your name and address, and that of your confectioner, for a free sample of each of the seven varieties of Riley's Assorted Toffee Rolls. Simply send a postcard to Riley Bros., Ltd., Halifax, mentioning *John Bull*. Note: No sample can be sent unless you send your Confectioner's name.

A FREE booklet every woman should read—"Here's Good Health" explains in an interesting and convincing way why de Kuyper's Hollands Gin is advised by many medical men. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for a copy, which will be sent post free to John de Kuyper & Son, 14 Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.

A FULL list of gifts offered by the makers of Allinson's Windmill Oats will be sent to all who write to Allinsons 210, Cambridge Rd., Ldn., E.2.

DON'T overlook the OXYDOL announcement on page 21.

A PRINCE on the PINCH

HE might—so he claims—have been "King of Brazil." Instead of which he prefers to remain just a prince with a mouthful of a title—"His Royal and Imperial Highness the Prince Charles Louis of Hapsburg-Lorraine-Bourbon.

What is more, he is good enough to grace England with his presence, living in the small country property of Woodlawn Park, near Maidstone, Kent, with his wife, a daughter, and twenty cats of assorted sex and size.

A romantic figure, you may think, this exiled prince, who lost his splendid fortune with the war upheaval of 1914, and gains a rather precarious livelihood nowadays by gradually selling the priceless art treasures and heirlooms of his illustrious family.

But there is another side to his character that should be made known. We make no apology for shattering the romance of Prince Charles Louis of Hapsburg-Lorraine-Bourbon. The man is a complete impostor.

His decorations

The title he has assumed does not exist, and the sensational stories he tells of his life and adventures are children of his imagination. They are fantastic falsehoods which he dishes up to impress the gullible.

Here are a few of the amazing stories "Prince Charles Louis" recounts about his past:—At one time he had a personal allowance of £10,000 from his august family, and he held more orders of chivalry and decorations than the late King Edward.

"My father," declares "Prince Charles Louis," "always insisted that I should have two more orders than King Edward."

Those orders and decorations are stored in the vaults of Woodlawn Park and there are more than fifty of them. "Prince Charles Louis," when he is in full dress—"decorations will be worn"—must be a wonderful sight.

At some unspecified date he was offered the sovereignty of the Republic of Brazil, but he magnanimously refused in order to save the lives which would have been lost in the necessary revolution to place him on the throne in that South American state.

His property at Woodlawn Park, which incidentally is mortgaged for a considerable amount, is, according to him, virtually a separate "kingdom," for the estate was omitted from the last official land survey, and in consequence does not exist in law.

So he can offer a secure refuge at Woodlawn to any person who is in trouble with the authorities over a political offence.

We are able to disclose the fact that the right name of the "prince" is William Reeves.

Not-so-antiques

He was born in the City of Hereford sixty years ago. His father, William Reeves, was a small watchmaker in Church Street, Hereford while his mother, before her marriage, was a domestic servant.

Ever since he moved to Woodlawn Park, several years ago, Reeves has been masquerading as a prince, and beguiling people into believing the truth of his direct descent from the royal Bourbons.

"Woodlawn Park," the "prince's" residence and centre of his virtual "kingdom." Proudly standing in front of his Kentish palace you can just see the "prince" himself

There are no bounds to his impertinence, for he has flamboyant visiting cards engraved as "His Royal and Imperial Highness," and has banking accounts under the designation of "Prince Charles Louis de Hapsburg."

Throughout his life William Reeves has been possessed of a mania to assume different names. At various times he has been the Marquis de Polignac, Rene Delahaye, Regnier de Bourbon, C. L. de Hapsburg, and even plain Mr. Hill and Mr. Charteris.

When he was married in August, 1924, he subscribed his name to the register as William Reeves, otherwise Rene Delahaye, and set down his "rank or profession" as "art expert and dealer in antiques."

Then he was residing at Grand Drive, Raynes Park, Surrey.

What Reeves does under the disguise of being Prince Charles Louis is to carry on a business of buying and selling antiques. He is an undoubted expert in old armour, weapons, furniture and tapestry, and his house is crowded with various objects likely to stimulate the interest of a collector.

But Reeves clothes many articles he has for sale with a fictitious history, associating them in various ways with his supposed family.

It would seem, therefore, that his assumption of a title is not solely crazy vanity, but is a definite asset in his business.

The value of things he has for sale may easily be enhanced by the apparently authentic history he gives when offering the relics to the prospective purchaser.

For years Reeves has frequented second-hand sales rooms and auctions, picking up antique specimens at low prices and then transferring them to his house with the idea of passing them on at a substantial profit.

All that is legitimate trading, and would escape criticism except for the important point that in the subsequent sales Reeves appears as "Prince Charles Louis" and as a result is able to impress buyers to his own profit.

In short the whole concern of the spurious "Prince" and Woodlawn Park is in a business of antique dealing.

Much of the reputed valuable stuff in the house does not belong to William Reeves at all, but is held by him from other dealers to sell on a commission basis.

Deluded public

Other articles were obtained from stalls in the Caledonian Market, where Reeves has done a great deal of his bargain hunting.

One thing William Reeves, with all his ingenuity and craftiness, has failed to do, and that is to register his "title" as a business name. There is no record of Prince Charles Louis of Hapsburg-Lorraine-Bourbon at the Registry of Business Names. By omitting registration William Reeves is committing an offence.

But the real issue is this: William Reeves, antique dealer, is deluding the public by appearing as a royal prince, and is making a business of his pretence.

People, who have made purchases from Woodlawn Park, have done so under the impression they were dealing with a proper prince and not an ordinary antique salesman.

It is scandalous that a man should carry on in this fashion, and we are glad to be able to unmask such an impudent impostor.

We suggest that William Reeves would be well advised to discard his bogus titles, and trade in future under his true colours. As an ordinary dealer in antiques William Reeves, son of a Hereford watchmaker, may be quite honest, but as "Prince Charles Louis of Hapsburg-Lorraine-Bourbon" he is a plain fraud.

"BEYOND EXPECTATIONS"

Readers in their thousands are availing themselves of our Great Concession, announced in last week's issue of JOHN BULL, made in order to extend our Record Gift Offer. Their enthusiasm knows no bounds. "The quality and beauty and workmanship of the Writing Set is far beyond my expectations," writes one.

Those readers who have not yet received their Presentation Writing Sets should seize this further opportunity at once. Free Gift Vouchers worth 2s. 9d. and 7s. 6d. respectively are on page 34.

HOMELY WISDOM
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

CHRIST'S FIRST SERMON

ALMOST at the end of the dying year one of the most sorrowful letters I have ever read came to me from a JOHN BULL reader.

The writer had just lost his wife. This would have been a crushing trouble without anything more, but its weight has been enormously increased by his feeling that he is responsible for her death.

He loved her devotedly, but they were both very poor and were continually worried about making ends meet. The wife fell ill and the husband could not earn enough to buy her the comforts she needed. Driven almost distracted on her account he took the false step of stealing something in the hope of selling it and obtaining a little money to relieve his dear one's pain of mind and body.

The immediate result was the very opposite. He was found out and fell into the hands of the police. He says he will never forget the look on his wife's face when she learned what he had done. Not one word of blame did she utter, but he felt as if he had stabbed her to the heart.

The magistrates took a merciful view of his case and merely bound him over. He will always have the consolation of remembering that he and his wife were drawn closer to each other than ever after his discharge.

She knew he had committed the fault, however mistakenly, because of his love for her, and she did her best to soothe and reassure him and speak hopefully of their united future.

Alas, it did not last long. The disease from which she suffered grew rapidly worse and she passed away in hospital.

The bereaved husband writes: "I believe I killed her, though I would gladly have laid down my own life for her sake. I can never atone for it now; she was the last person in the world I would have hurt. Do you think there can ever be forgiveness for me, and shall we meet again?"

On one point at least this poor fellow is entitled to instant relief of mind. He was not the cause of his wife's death. She died of the internal growth he describes in another part of his letter. But even if he had hastened her end by his blundering way of trying to help her, he would not be morally guilty to the extent that in his present remorse he assumes.

On the question of forgiveness and atoning for our errors let him turn to the fourth chapter of St. Luke and read the account of Christ's first sermon, especially verses 18 and 19—good tidings for the poor, healing for the broken-hearted, a new year and a new life.

One of the greatest delusions that people suffer from is the belief that transgressions can never be retrieved. It is false. The famous dirge of the Persian pessimist of long ago is usually quoted as if it were undeniable:

"The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

Christ says something very different, and He is the greatest of all teachers. Forgiveness is full and free. We may have to suffer for our mistakes, but not for ever.

Nor is suffering in itself atonement. It is love that atones, not the lash of punishment. Love meets love; love lifts and purifies love. It is immortal. As our Victorian poet wrote out of his own desolating experience of bereavement:

"O thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest."

JANUARY 5, 1935

IN the COURT of LA

The Judges' dais in the Court of Criminal Appeal and an impression by our artist of the three judges—Mr. Justice Avory (left), Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice (centre) and Mr. Justice Humphries.

HOLD your breath . . . we are in the Court of Last Hope!

For here, in its large oblong chamber with its high dais, its library-like bookshelves, its rows of leathered benches, are exchanged the arguments which weigh the balance for life or death; the difference between freedom or long years in a prison cell.

Three judges, in the red livery of the King's Bench, sit in their easy, high-backed chairs upon the dais. Before each are piles of papers—shorthand notes transcribed, copies of material documents in the case.

Away to the left of the judges, rather remote, as though not quite part of the main room, is a small railed rostrum with a background of green curtains . . and while judges and barristers prepare their papers in those brief seconds of waiting, a man is brought through the curtains.

He is, you notice, rather carefully dressed, his hair smoothly brushed, his face a little shiny, his clothes pressed. His whole appearance suggests a man who is anxious to create the best impression he can.

Judges on Trial

Behind him are two prison officers, their restraining hands on his arms as he enters, a solid guard against his shoulders when he sits.

A clerk in the Court well reads from a printed list, "The King against John Smith. Application for leave to appeal——."

A barrister rises and speaks: "May it please your Lordships . . ."

The Court of Last Hope is in session.

Before the day is through, the man in the curtained rostrum will have heard the advocates discuss in reasoned terms a question that involves everything for him—whether he is rightly convicted of murder and shall hang, or whether some mistake of legal direction or evidence has been made.

How few of the public know anything about this court—the Court of Criminal Appeal. For it is a legal machine which does the larger part of its work without the light of great publicity.

Only when there is an appeal against a sentence of death, or some other sensational criminal proceeding, is there any wide report of its proceedings.

Yet the Court of Criminal Appeal is working at frequent intervals through each law term, taking on an average more than 140 cases in a year from county sessions and assizes.

Really it is a Court which tries judges and juries and not prisoners. For the questions it has to decide are not questions of fact, but rather whether there has been any mistake by a judge of assize or chairman of quarter sessions in the direction of a jury, or if a jury has formed its verdict against the weight of evidence.

The machinery of the Court is of interest. After conviction on a major offence at sessions or assize, a prisoner has the right of coming to the Court of Criminal Appeal.

Immediately he goes to prison he is asked by the governor: "Do you want to appeal?" If he does, then he is given all possible facilities for framing the grounds of the application.

First his application for "leave to appeal" comes before a judge in chambers, who decides on the reasonableness and validity of the case. He may refuse the application, and that is the last heard of it. Or he may transmit it to the Court of Criminal Appeal.

With murder cases, however, the method is different. With these the application for leave to appeal is regarded as the appeal itself, and is taken by the full Court of three judges.

His Shadows

A prisoner may appeal against his conviction, against his sentence as being excessive, or against both conviction and sentence.

During the last year for which figures are available more than 450 applications for leave to appeal were refused by the judge in chambers as being unwarranted.

There is this factor which every prisoner who, quite naturally, may wish to appeal against his punishment has to consider. The Court of Criminal Appeal can—and sometimes does—increase a punishment if the judges deem the offender has escaped too lightly for his faults.

Every convicted prisoner, whose appeal is transmitted to the Court, has the right of appearing at the court should he so desire. No matter how far away the prison to which he is committed, he must travel to London with an escort of two prison officers, who remain with him throughout.

And if, finally, his conviction is quashed, he is released immediately.

He is taken from the Court to the small and comfortable waiting rooms which pass for "cells" at the Law Courts. There his belongings are handed to him. He is given a free railway ticket to his home town, and, if he is without funds, a small sum of money. And he can go.

Happy meetings have taken place outside the discreetly shielded exit below the stairs from the Court . . . men, a few hours before faced by the gallows or by long years of imprisonment, greeting their wives and relatives, overwhelmed by the knowledge that they have won freedom.

Turn back the records of the Court and there are a number of striking instances of men convicted of murder securing annulment of the verdict and the sentence of death.

Here, gripping the rails of the rostrum dock, stood William Herbert Wallace, the elderly insurance agent, of Liverpool, who had been found guilty by a jury of his fellow citizens of the murder of his wife, to hear the Lord Chief Justice say in slow, measured tones:—

"The Court is not concerned with suspicion, however strong, or with theories, however ingenious. The conclusion to which the Court has come is that the case against Wallace—which it has carefully and anxiously considered and discussed—has not been proved with the certainty which was necessary to justify a verdict of guilty. It is therefore the decision of the Court to allow the appeal and quash the conviction."

But we will not reiterate the story of Wallace. He told it himself in the columns of JOHN BULL. Suffice it to say that his dramatic release was one of the most remarkable in the annals of the Court of Last Hope.

Another surprising murder appeal, which made legal history because of the issues involved, was heard in 1920. The principal concerned was a night-watchman in a Cheshire factory, who had been convicted at the Cheshire Assizes for the killing of a girl.

According to the story told by this watchman to the police, he had discovered the body of the girl, when on his round of inspection, in the boiler-house of the factory. An examination showed that she had been choked with her scarf, and otherwise maltreated.

Enquiries aroused suspicion against the watchman. He was arrested, charged with the crime and convicted.

The unusual side of the case was the defence. It was that, on the night of the tragedy, the man was so drunk as to be unable to remembe what had happened — actually w so under the influence of alcol that his mind was incapable of u derstanding the difference betwe right and wrong.

How drunkenness could affect man became the problem for d cussion before the Appeal Cou The question was dissected from angles, and as a result the conv tion for murder was quashed, a one of manslaughter — which h been an alternative charge—w substituted.

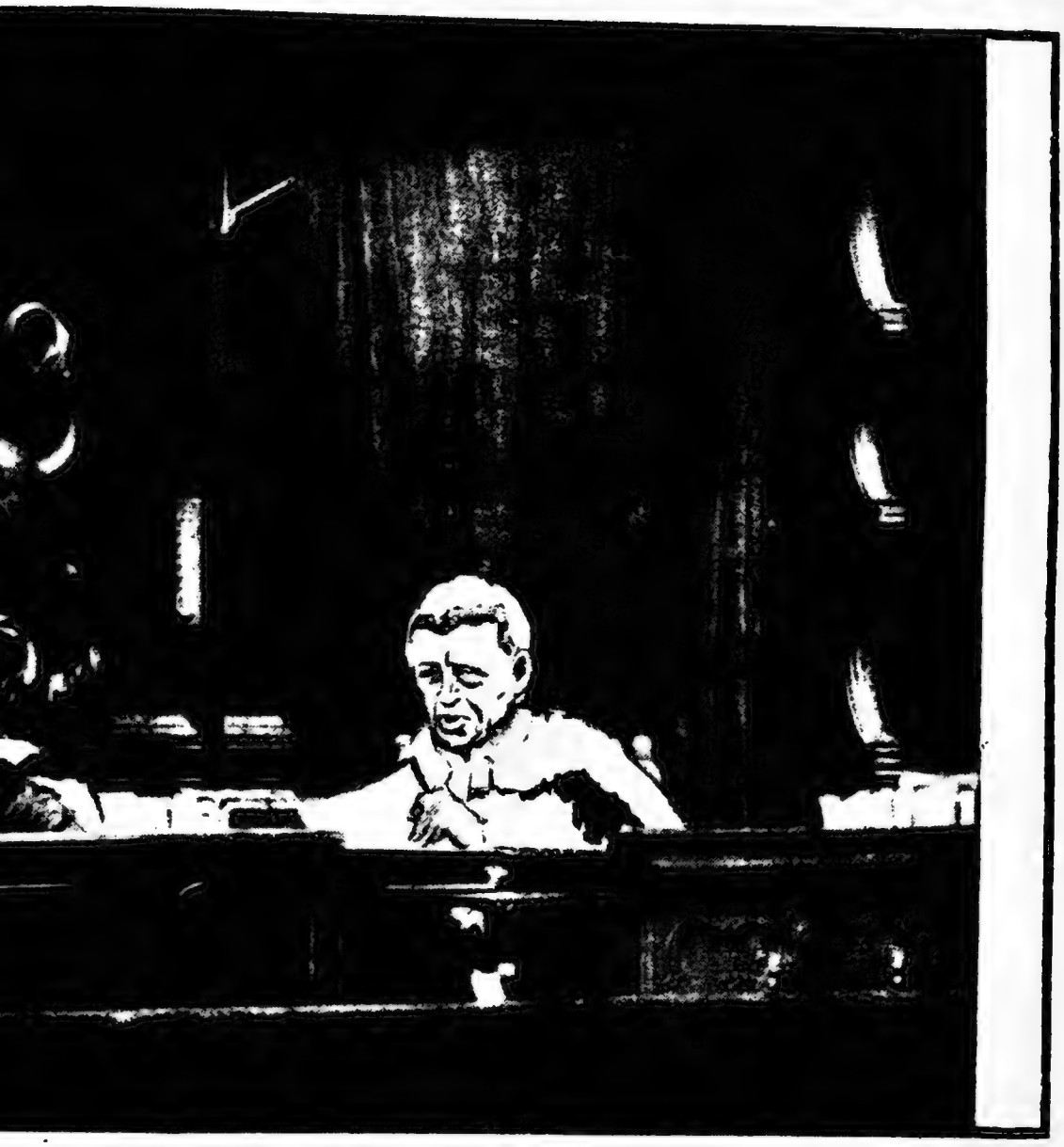
New Evidence

But the case was not permitted rest there. So important were t points in dispute that sanction w given for the appeal to go on to t House of Lords.

In that august assembly, the co viction of the prisoner was furth reduced, and he was set at liber The late Lord Birkenhead, in judgment, which will stand now all time, laid down exactly quality of drunkenness as affect the commission of serious crime.

That case of the intoxicated nig watchman was an exception in ev

LAST HOPE . .



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Evidence

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gust assembly, the con- e prisoner was further he was set at liberty. rd Birkenhead, in his hich will stand now for id down exactly the unkenness as affecting on of serious crime. f the intoxicated night- as an exception in every way, and only because of its exceptional circumstances did it pass beyond the scope of the Court of Last Hope.

Sometimes after a murder trial and sentence of death, new evidence is forthcoming which throws an entirely different light on the original charge. Then it is the function of the Court of Criminal Appeal to act on the side of mercy.

There was an example of how fresh evidence saved a man's life when, a few years ago, and quite properly on the evidence before the jury at the trial, a working man was convicted of murder and sentenced.

He was living in a common lodging house, where the beds of the inmates were crowded together in a narrow room. One night he woke up suddenly and, feeling under his pillow, discovered that his watch was missing.

Jumping up, he shook the fellow in the adjoining bed, and cried in his ear, "You've got my watch, and if you don't give it back, I'll fling you downstairs."

He received no answer from the figure in the bed, and so repeated his demand and his threat. Still no reply. Thereupon he seized his neighbour, picked him up, carried him to the landing and pitched him headlong down the staircase, where later the unfortunate fellow was found dead.

After the trial, and conviction for murder, it became known that the dead man, on the morning of the day when he was killed, had met with a serious accident. He had fallen out of a cart, and cut his head badly. His injuries were tended at a hospital and he then returned to the lodging house and retired to his bed.

No reasonable doubt existed that the injured man was lying unconscious, suffering from slight concussion, at the moment when the prisoner shook him and shouted the accusation about the stolen watch.

Two went Free

Of course, the prisoner did not know this when, indignant at the loss of his watch and receiving no reply to his questions, he seized the injured man and threw him downstairs.

So, on hearing this new evidence, the Court of Criminal Appeal quashed the murder conviction, and reduced the charge to manslaughter.

On one occasion three men who had listened to the sentence of death for a murder jointly alleged against them came before the Court. With the result that two of them were considered to have been wrongfully convicted and were given their freedom, while the third was left to suffer the gallows sentence.

This was another particularly interesting and important appeal, for the controversy was over the admission of certain evidence.

An elderly widow had been killed with callous violence in her house at Croydon by some persons who had broken in to steal her property. First one man and then the two others were arrested and charged.

One of the prisoners made a confession of being implicated in the affair, and in his statement associated the other two with the murder.

Had the learned judge at the trial made it sufficiently clear to the jury that the confession of the one man was only evidence against himself, and in no way evidence against the two remaining prisoners? That was the puzzle which the Court had to solve.

When he delivered the decision, the Lord Chief Justice referred to "a momentary slip in an otherwise admirable summing up."

A momentary slip, but enough to save two men and to quash a verdict of "guilty of murder."

Not often do our judges trip and deviate from the straight line in their direction to juries in criminal charges, but if they do then the Court of Last Hope will weigh the slightest mistake in favour of the accused.

When he was a newly appointed judge, Mr. Justice Avory had before him a man charged with murder. The evidence seemed overwhelming. The judge summed up, with care and precision, and the jury was quick in giving its verdict of "Guilty." Mr. Justice Avory passed his first sentence of death.

The Muddle

The case came to appeal, and it was considered that some slight misdirection had crept in during the trial. As an inevitable consequence, the conviction and sentence were quashed. The man whom a verdict called a murderer walked out into the world again.

Mistakes at quarter sessions, where chairmen have not always great legal experience, have frequently saved criminals from prison by the intervention of the Court of Criminal Appeal. Indeed, 80 per cent. of the cases which reach the Court are from county quarter sessions.

A man convicted of sheep stealing lately was given his freedom because there had been a muddle at his trial. There must have been a most amazing scene at the sessions courthouse, for the sheep—"material to the indictment"—were driven in to huddle in bleating fear before the jury, while the farmer, who had been robbed, went down among the flock to see if he could recognise his own property.

Burglar, housebreaker—the man had a long police record, and was charged with another crime at quarter sessions, and received a long term of imprisonment.

He was identified by one of the chief witnesses in unmistakable fashion, but it was ascertained that before the identification parade this witness had been shown a police photograph of the suspect.

Because of that, and rightly so, the old crook was let off by the Court of Last Hope. He would be in Dartmoor to-day if he had not appealed.

Such mistakes as this the Court is constantly rectifying.

The last return of the Court shows that, in twelve months, thirty sentences and convictions were quashed, while punishment was altered in sixty-five instances.

The Court of Last Hope—yes. But also, often, the Court of Hope Fulfilled.

I WANT MY PARTY FOR TOMMY & ME. TO BE AS GOOD AS GOOD CAN BE-
JANE'S PARTY WAS WONDERFUL, MUMMY. CAN I HAVE A LOVELY JELLY FOR MY PARTY TOO?
NEXT DAY
WE SELL THIS ROWNTREE'S JELLY MOSTLY, MADAM. IT CONTAINS REAL FRUIT JUICES, YOU KNOW
6
AT THE PARTY
I WISH MY MUMMY COULD MAKE JELLIES LIKE THESE!
HOO! I LOVE THIS FRUITY JELLY. IT TASTES JUST LIKE RASPBERRIES!
YOUR CHILDREN'S PARTY MUST SUCCEED. THIS ROWNTREE'S JELLY'S WHAT YOU NEED!

Your little guests will love the marvellous flavour of Rowntree's Jellies. They taste just like sun-ripe fruits and berries, because they contain real fruit juices, you know. No after-effects from second helpings the next day, either. Rowntree's Jellies are *so* easy to digest. Don't fail to get Rowntree's and make your next party *go!*

12 FLAVOURS . . .

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Tickling Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

IT is now twenty-one years since the terrible Senghenydd explosion startled the people of Britain and sent 429 miners hurtling into eternity; but the memory of that disaster will remain with me as long as life lasts.

A picture of the horror underground is stamped indelibly on my mind. Sometimes at night when sleep will not come, vivid cameos of what occurred on that morning of October 14, 1913, race through my mind, and I see once again the mutilated bodies of my workmates.

I see, also, that inferno that was the underground workings of the mine—the creeping barrage of fire which kept men in like rats in a trap, the grotesque shadows which danced and slithered along the gallery walls and roofs, and the huge falls of rock brought down by the concussion.

The disaster, the most terrible in the history of mining, has always been known as the "Senghenydd Explosion." Actually however Senghenydd is a village at the head of the Aber Valley, some four miles above the town of Caerphilly. The explosion occurred at the Universal Collieries, Senghenydd, a "two pit colliery" employing approximately 950 miners.

♦♦♦♦♦

I was one of those miners on that fatal morning. My workmate was one of those 429 who lost their lives. My mate—I will call him Bob—had just finished filling a tram of coal, and we were having a short "breather" while waiting for a haulier to bring an empty tram and take the full one away. It was then about a quarter past eight and we were, I remember, discussing possibilities and probabilities in connection with a Welsh International Rugby "trial" to be held in November.

There was no sign of a haulier, and the discussion was developing into a warm argument—both Bob and myself holding strong views about players who should and should not be selected for the Rugger trial.

It was while I was extolling the playing genius of an Aberavon three-quarter that something occurred which startled and frightened us.

There was a curious, rumbling noise, as if a giant somewhere in the labyrinth of twisting galleries and levels was beating heavily and rhythmically upon a hollow drum. There was a curious, indefinable menace in the sound. It seemed to catch at the senses and to convey a threat.

Suddenly the eerie rumble ceased and the little, dark world around us appeared to be shaking and heaving.

Bob and myself were now on our feet,

These nightmare pictures flock through my mind during the wakeful night . . I can imagine no more terrible experience than to be—

TRAPPED *in a*

peering with anxious eyes into the blackness of the "heading" running back to the double parting of the main haulage way going back to the pit bottom.

Our anxious peering was instinctive; we could see nothing, and the flickering, yellow rays of our safety lamps penetrated the blackness only a few yards. But all around us we sensed something inimical, a wordless but definite threat.

Then, with the suddenness that characterised the birth of the frightening rumble of a few minutes previously, there was a terrific, ear-shattering roar. It was like a vast noise carried in the bosom of a devastating wind.

I felt myself lifted and for a mad few seconds was tossed this way and that. I was like a small toy in the hands of a destructive boy.

My shoulder crashed heavily against the "arm" of a pair of timber, and my ear was split by a jutting piece of rock. Something struck me across the temple and I was almost immediately blinded by a rush of warm blood into the eyes.

♦♦♦♦

The heavy roaring stopped abruptly and was followed by a strange, eerie silence. It was as if all life had ceased. It was a silence such as one imagines the silence of the grave to be—a silence so "intense" that it registered itself as a kind of death upon the mind, a silence freezing all animate things into inanimation.

I lay on the ground, bruised and shaken by the sharp, breathless buffeting I had received. My lamp had been torn out of my clutch and it was with a kind of surprise that I realised, quite suddenly, that I was in a world of absolute blackness. Not the blackness of the night of the world above but an inky blackness that possessed, or appeared to possess, the physical quality of being able to press upon and bruise the balls of the eyes.

Panic-stricken, I turned my head this way and that in an endeavour to see something. The terrifying blackness seemed as if it was solid, like a weight pressing. The hurt of my bruises was forgotten in the welter of fear created in me by this uncanny pressure of blackness.

It was terrifying and I felt paralysed, unable to move, yet my mind, icy-cold and clear, was surging like working yeast with crisply racing thoughts. They were demented thoughts, nightmare thoughts of a grotesque, uncanny kind.

Suddenly there were tiny sounds like a little wind whispering among leaves. There was a human quality about these little sounds. They broke up the death-like silence and immediately the utter blackness did not seem so terrifying. I felt a sense of being released and I found myself thinking in a perfectly normal manner.

It was clear that somewhere in the mine workings an explosion had occurred—an explosion of such terrific power that its first blast had shaken every corner of the underground workings.

♦♦♦♦♦♦

Realising this, I remembered also that my mate must be somewhere near. I shouted. The minutes raced by while I bellowed at the top of my voice. There was no reply, and I began to grope around in the direction I thought he had been standing when that terrific blast had blown us off our feet. On hands and knees I groped around, feeling with apprehensive fingers.

How long I spent groping in this manner I do not know, but I suddenly began to cough, and I found I was breathing heavily and that every breath was a stabbing pain in the lungs.

The warning was clear and unmistakable. Ordinary ventilation had ceased and after-damp, that choking horror, was spreading through the workings.

To look for Bob now was hopeless and futile. I had no light and my lungs were beginning to feel as if they were being seared by fire. I set my face in the direction I instinctively knew to lead to the pit bottom.

For the first hundred yards or so I groped along on hands and knees, frequently bruising myself by contact with timber and gallery sides. Twice I had to clamber over small falls of rock, and

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Struggle and Strife

PEOPLE who are inclined to grumble that life is hard, that it is a daily struggle, that it is one long series of obstacles to be overcome, should remember that conflict is the very root of life.

Mankind has only advanced and developed through striving and struggle. Without conflict, without learning the lessons that success and failure teach, we should have remained on a level with the unintelligent cellular organisms that simply exist.

The evolution of material from the simplest life forms to the rational, thinking and reasoning beings that are men and women has come about through the ability of the vital force that animates us to make continual adjustments with the problems of life and reach out to ever higher and higher planes.

Whether we like it or not we must fight battles every hour of every day. We must fight the world, its problems, our relations with each other—even ourselves. And as each battle is won or lost, so is our future planned.

If we win, we stand ready to go a few steps onward. If we lose, we sink back, momentarily, to a lower sphere of activity.

That is the real meaning of success and failure. It is far more a spiritual question than a material one.

You can, if you like, say that success means a storing up of energy for future use, while failure means a dissipating of energy we have painfully accumulated.

However clever we may be, or however stupid we may be, we can none of us do more than keep on trying. What we try to be is, to a large extent, what we become.

"The route we pursue in time is strewn with the remains of all that we began to be, and all that we might have become."

It is the amount of this wreckage—or the lack of it—that is the final account of what we have succeeded in doing with our lives.

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories

Blazing Pit

nce, causing my heart to literally jump
my throat, a fall of roof thundered
wn only a few yards behind me.
Suddenly I saw a tiny, yellow light
ckering in the distance. I tried to
out but found I couldn't. My throat
d lips were bone-dry, while my tongue
t too big for my mouth.
Grimly, I got to my feet, and, fixing
gaze on that distant yellow light, I
ggered and stumbled on. Several
nes I cut myself by coming into con-
rt with projecting timber and the
lls of the gallery, but I was now
sperate and quite indifferent to
all hurts and pains.

♦♦♦♦♦♦

The light came nearer and then I
ached it—a safety lamp, right end up,
the middle of the tram-track.
Near the lamp sprawled a body. A
ef examination revealed that the
rit of life had gone. Curiously, there
re no signs of injury—death had
uck with a weapon which left no
ise.
I thanked God for the miracle that
d kept the safety-lamp right end up.
icked it up and began a kind of un-
tain, stumbling run. Shall I ever
get the horror of that journey?
I once stumbled over a dead pony.
mething had struck the poor beast
ove the eyes, virtually severing the
and back of the head. It had
idently died in agony. Around the
dy were signs of a desperate, pro-
nged struggle against death.
Shortly after this spectacle my lamp,
hich had been flickering for some
me, went out. But I was not plunged
to darkness. I was now in the main
ad running to the pit-bottom and I
uld see fire ahead of me.
There was a kind of red-blue haze in
e gallery, and, incongruously, it set
thinking in a vague way about some
eer, highly-coloured religious pictures
the "fire and brimstone" variety I
d seen somewhere or other at some
me.

♦♦♦♦♦♦

Breathing was very difficult now, and
remember thinking about the possible
chnical developments following the
plosion The fire was in the main
llery, not far from pit bottom. This
eant, I remember thinking, that the
r would be sucked by the fire from the
r intake, thus poisoning the whole of
e inside workings and stifling all the
en who had escaped the explosion
ast and the roof falls which followed.
This fire, I reasoned, would slowly
read inwards towards the workings,
nd probably, there would be inter-
ittent explosions when it contacted
ith isolated gas pockets which were
bound to form owing to the almost complete cessation of circulating air.

While I was thus thinking, or reasoning, I was growing weaker. The heat was intense, and, although the sweat dropped from me in big blobs. I experienced a feeling that I was perfectly dry—that my body was like a chip of wood in an oven, completely devoid of all moisture.

My mind, too, now began to give way. Curious, incoherent thoughts held sway and I was racked by brief spells of fear. It is impossible to explain these spells of fear. I suspect they were brief spells of madness. I could not speak or shout, but I raved, cursed and blasphemed in my thoughts.

My lungs were bursting and I could actually feel my heart thumping and tearing like a mad thing in my breast. My knees ached, and it required desperate efforts to take one step after another Now and again one of the small flames flickering about me would reach out, as if with deliberate intent, and would lick lightly at my clothing, face and hands.

The remainder of that journey is a nightmare, punctuated with vivid memories of grim sights. A body here, a body there. I stumbled over them, my breath coming in great sobbing gasps. My will to live was being steadily sapped. Several times I sank upon my knees, determined to just lie down and die.

It did not appear worth while to keep on struggling. It seemed so futile. My body was one sweltering mass of aches and pains One brief curious thought flitted lightly through my mind. Even hell, I thought, could not be worse than this

Little more remains to be told. I won through. I was one of the lucky ones to reach the fire area before the flames and smoke became an impenetrable barrier, shutting up all in the inside workings like rats in a trap. Death, it is to be hoped, went quickly to them.

Later I discovered what a terrible holocaust had occurred. Some 429 men and boys had been hopelessly trapped, without the slightest hope of escape, and to suffer death in half a dozen different ways.

♦♦♦♦♦♦

The explosion, that actual burst which had buffeted me like a straw ninepin in the underground workings, had blown out of the shaft with such terrific force that it blew away the huge iron sheaves at the pithead and had decapitated one of the pithead workers.

It had also blown a pit-cage, weighing many tons, from the bottom to nearly the top of the shaft! That means that there was sufficient force behind the explosive burst to blow a good-sized town into smithereens.

Can you wonder that I still dream about it all? That those nightmare pictures sometimes flock through my mind during a restless, wakeful night? I can imagine no more terrible experience in life than to be shut up in a mine like a rat in a trap.

"The Greatest of These —" Thank You, Everybody!

THIS week it is our happy task to thank all our subscribers who in so friendly and generous a spirit responded to our Christmas appeal.

Our readers will be interested to hear that one handsome donation reached us by Air Mail from India; another from Cairo; and one from the "China Fleet."

With a gift of £1 in threepenny pieces came the message: "I saved them to give to some needy cause. Each is a thought for someone not so well off as myself, although I am only a worker."

Doreen's mother asks us to thank all who responded to her appeal. She concludes: "The children were very pleased with the toys the lady sent them. I should like to be able to thank her."

We also wish to thank all who sent parcels down the Yule Log's chimney. A lady whom for long has befriended our fund sent a box of lovely knitted scarfs and caps, while her aunt added beautifully hand-made coats and caps.

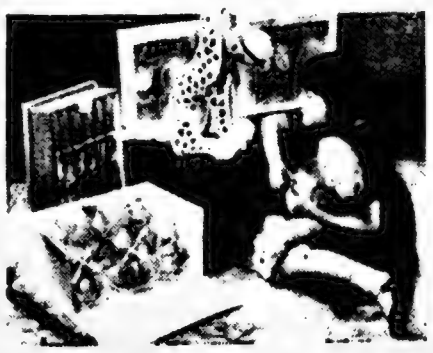
We owe a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., who sent us a hamper of their books and toys and animals. All unbreakable, untearable and delightful. A glimpse of them is shown in our picture.

We also depict some of the novelty crackers which Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. sent us. Their flame and silver fairy crackers, their bright red windmills and crackers of all sorts, fascinated many poor kiddies at Christmas.

We have to thank another fairy godfather who again remembered that little girls love dolls and sent a consignment of unbreakable and unfadeable beauties.

Alas! we have no space in which to thank all our friends by name for adding fuel to our Yule Log. We wish them all A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

"May your income for the fund," wrote one subscriber, "go up, and up, and up." And to this end, all donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



"Thank you!"—and scores of other little children thank you, too

You bet she uses
OXYDOL

WE GUARANTEE
OXYDOL TO GIVE THE WHITEST WHITES AND BRIGHTEST COLOURS YOU EVER HAD OR YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK

OUR GUARANTEE printed below assures you of the most important thing you want in the soap you buy — whiter, brighter washings. We know Oxydol will do as we say because it is scientifically granulated to give 23% more creamy rich suds. And as every practical woman knows, good, thick, long-lasting suds is what it takes to get the washing snowy clean. Try a packet of Oxydol in your next big wash — try it for cottons, woollens, and other delicate fabrics as well. And keep a packet handy by the sink — it's wonderful for washing-up too.

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If you, the user of Oxydol, are not fully satisfied that the packet of OXYDOL gives you more suds, whiter clothes, brighter colours—and that it is easier on your hands in washing up—just post the empty packet to us. Your postage and money will be refunded without question. Our address is: Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., Phœnix Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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"Go—suck a ZUBE"

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& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache etc

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

When BABY Rocks the Home

"Baby keeps me awake with the noise he makes—especially with his drum"

THE other day, at a public dinner, I sat next to a well-known London magistrate. I asked him what type of case caused him the greatest concern. Without hesitation he replied: "Matrimonial difficulties."

He gave me the melancholy news that in this country seventeen thousand people apply for separation orders every year. And he added, "Most of these troubles could be avoided by a little mutual consideration. If only couples would carry the consideration of courtship into matrimony."

If they did, far fewer readers would write to tell me that they are unhappy in their home life.

Here, for instance, is a letter from a young man who tells me he works night shift as a bread baker. He is married and has a little boy just starting to walk. "This little fellow," I am told, "is the pride of our home." But it is this little fellow who is the cause of endless disputes between husband and wife. Let my correspondent tell his story in his own words:

"Our home is only a small one of three rooms, and you can hear every sound. As I work through the night naturally I must have sleep during the day, but I very seldom get any, for baby keeps me awake by the noise he makes, especially with his drum. The result is I am always dead tired when I go to work and have a job to keep my eyes open. Because of this, I nearly cut the top of my finger off the other night.

"My wife says she is sick of my telling her to keep baby quiet, and she informs me that 'Baby must have his freedom.' I certainly agree, but I must also have some rest. If I don't do my work properly I shall lose my job, and then we shall be in a proper fix, as we have not only to pay a high rent for our house but also instalments on our furniture.

"We have tried hard to get another house, but they are booked up months ahead; so what am I to do? If I give up my employment we shall find ourselves on the brink of starvation, and if I don't my wife will leave me and take baby with her. Can you give me any advice in my trouble?"

THE scientific mind has introduced many things of inestimable benefit to people in their troubles. Think of aids for the deaf, the short-sighted, the crippled. I wonder why somebody has not thought of a device for shutting out noise.

What I have in my mind is a harmless pad that could be inserted in the ears. It may be, of course, that there is such an appliance on the market. Such a thing would be a godsend to my correspondent, and to many who are troubled in the same way. But until this remedy is made possible, we have to face the problem as we find it

There is one sentence in this letter I certainly do not like. I am told that the child makes a noise, "especially with his drum." That seems to give the clue to the trouble. To say the least, it is inconsiderate of that wife to allow the child to have such noisy playthings when her husband wants to sleep

She must remember that her husband is the breadwinner, and if he loses his job far worse troubles will quickly ensue.

Many of my readers would gladly change places with her. She has a husband in regular work, a bonny baby and a little home of her own. She would be well advised to do her utmost to preserve them. And that ought not to be too difficult.

Let her allow her child to have a good romp when her husband is awake, then at other times she can keep him interested in quiet toys, take him for walks, probably arrange to leave him occasionally with relations and friends. It is also possible that in her town there is a crèche where children can be left and entertained for two or three hours.

As this boy grows older the problem will solve itself, for school will claim a good deal of his time. Until that time comes I hope that common-sense will prevail. If it does, peace and harmony in that home will quickly be restored.

Now these matrimonial differences are not confined to any one period of married life. But it seems to me particularly tragic when trouble comes after a man and a woman have lived together for years. Here is indeed a pathetic story:

"I have been a good wife to my husband for over forty-three years, and today I love him as dearly as ever. But something has happened which is just breaking my heart. He has a sister who has always tried to cause trouble, and some years ago she nearly succeeded in breaking up our home. In October she lost her husband, and since then she has been living with us. Although I have done my best to make her feel at home she is never satisfied and always seems ready to start a quarrel.

"What is so hard to bear is that my husband takes her side, and I have felt terribly hurt about it all. I have a married daughter who would be glad for me to go and live with her, but I can't bear the thought of leaving my home after all these years.

"Forgive me for writing to you about my troubles, but I just felt I had to open my heart to somebody."

There is no need for my correspondent to ask for my forgiveness. It is my duty and my privilege to help people in their troubles.

This husband is acting most unfairly. He ought not to allow any mischief-maker to remain in his home, whether she be his sister or not, and he is adding insult to injury when he takes her side against his own wife.

NOW I can understand my correspondent's position. After over forty-three years she loves her husband "as dearly as ever," and naturally she does not want to leave either him or her home. She tells me she has a married daughter. Has she no influence with her father? A quiet talk from her might help him to see how unjustly he is acting.

Or she might have a straight talk with her aunt. "My father and mother lived happily until you came," she might say. "If you can't live at peace you should find other quarters."

One thing is certain—my correspondent can't go on allowing her heart to be broken. If either of my two suggestions proves impracticable, it may be advisable for her to stay with her married daughter for a while. That may help to bring her husband to his senses. Most of us never know how much we really care for our loved ones until we lose them.

And for my last problem let me take a case where a separation has already taken place. This woman writes to say:

"Mine is a mother's problem, and one that is preying so much on my mind that I am ill with worry. When I was quite young I married a man who was well-to-do and a mill owner. We had five children, all boys, and if we were not exactly happy, we had fallen into that sluggish rut of life which is sometimes mistaken for contentment.

"I was literally astounded one morning to find my husband had packed his things and gone off with another woman, and our children, three of whom were still at home, announced their intention of going with him. They said their father was going to provide a home for them and would also dismiss them from his mill where they were working if they continued to live with me.

"That day they left, and have been away from me eighteen months, during which time my heart has slowly broken. Now I hear that my youngest boy lies desperately ill with pneumonia, but the father will not admit me to see him—my own son. I could understand all this if I had been a harsh and cruel woman, but my husband's only complaint against me is that I was careless and untidy."

I MUST, of course, take my correspondent's word that the only complaint against her is that she was careless and untidy. It seems strange to me that for these comparatively trivial matters her husband should leave her for another woman and that all their children should follow him. It also seems hard to believe that when one of these boys is dangerously ill his own mother should not be allowed to visit him. Anyone who can act in such a way is not a man, but a fiend.

Now what course should my correspondent take to meet the present situation? She does not tell me whether her son is in a hospital or in the house of his father. If the former, I advise her to see the hospital superintendent and explain the position to him. If the latter, then she should talk to the doctor who is looking after the patient.

It may be that the boy has asked to see his mother. Then the father must be told quite plainly that his obstinacy and selfishness are retarding the young fellow's recovery. No doctor will allow that to happen if it can be avoided. The medical man in charge of the case is likely to be my correspondent's best friend. She should see him without delay.

We have just started a New Year. The best wish I can express for all married couples is that they will remember the advice of that London magistrate. If they do, there will not be seventeen thousand separation orders this year.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Last night's BOURN-VITA is helping her now!

"BOURN-VITA HAS CERTAINLY PUT NEW LIFE INTO ME" *writes Mrs. S. of Preston*

"I can't find words to express it," writes Mrs. S., "but Bourn-vita has certainly put new life into me, I have a great deal of work during the day, and in days past I was tired out at lunch time, but a cup of Bourn-vita as a night-cap puts energy into me for a right long day's work *and* ready for a play at the end of it."

YOU TOO, like this busy mother, can get the same wonderful help from Bourn-vita. It fortifies your whole system against strain by helping you to achieve the three essentials of health (and also of youthfulness and beauty) . . . . good sleep, good digestion, *and good reserves of energy*. Take Bourn-vita every night at bedtime.

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To strengthen this Weak Spot in growing children, doctors specially recommend Scotts Brand Emulsion. It actually builds up *three times more* germ-resisting power than ordinary malt and oil.

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One bottle of Scotts Brand Emulsion has all the illness-fighting power of 6 days' warm summer sunshine. It also builds bone, muscle, blood and strength. Give especially *during* and *after* colds for quick recovery. Start today!

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The best of food in Cremma—and your dog knows it. Watch him pick them from a mixed feed! Scientifically tested for food value.

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Maddened by MAGIC . .

A LONDON girl the other day took her life in the belief that she was under the influence of somebody who practises Black Magic. A fortnight before a young bachelor gassed himself in his sumptuous West End flat because "an unknown power was at work, and only through death can I escape him."

No wonder Scotland Yard is turning its eye on the occult as something that can be as sinister and dangerous to human life as murder or blackmail.

It realises the extent to which curious cults, of which Black Magic is only one, are driving impressionable people—mainly women—to madness and even suicide. They have found that the supernatural, which has never really lost its grip on the public mind since the Middle Ages has staged a "come-back."

The strain of modern living has driven people into these mental abnormalities. And the charlatan—and here it is that the real interest of Scotland Yard begins—has not been slow in exploiting it.

There are fee-snatchers behind many of these evil new cults, and people with immoral aspirations behind others. And the fact that the gas-oven and the poison bottle are the ultimate ends of some of their victims troubles them not at all.

The country is indebted to Mrs. G. F. Smith, a typical London mother, for as scathing a denunciation of these distorted believers in strange cults as any that has ever been told If she had hesitated to withhold the name of the beloved daughter whose young life was forfeit to these people she might have been guilty of a public disservice, but she revealed it boldly if heart-brokenly.

* * *

The story she told is a dreadful one, of how she set out from her home in Belgrave Square, London, S.W., with her daughter Eveline to visit a party, only to find that her daughter succumbed there to the influence of certain ultra-modern guests she met.

Within a few weeks that daughter was dancing on the lawn of the High Priestess of the movement in north London. "She was chosen because of her voice to recite the magic invocations," said the distracted mother. "It was just as if she had had a fit. She beat the air with her hands, as if fending off something or somebody she dreaded."

The girl disappeared. "She has contracted a spiritual marriage," the so-called priests of the movement told that poor mother. A male friend of the family was sent to a week-end party of the movement to entice her to return.

But what happened was that the girl wrote saying that she wanted to return but some awful power restrained her, and that the young man returned so mentally unbalanced by what he had seen and heard that he was never able to work again and died within six months from some mental shock that baffled the doctors.

The girl came back too, in the end, but so strange in her manner that even the family's dog recoiled from her, howling And within two years she too was dead.

That there is an influence at work is shown not only by such instances as these but by the statement made by Messrs. Foyle, the Charing Cross Road booksellers, who keep a special department devoted to the books on Black Magic.

They have to change the girl assistants from that department to another every six months, they say. Even then one girl committed suicide and another went out of her mind. The most strong-minded girls have developed some curious neurosis.

A sign that there is something in such magic? Not at all. It only proves what is actually the case, that the whole filthy practice has been cleverly devised to appeal to mass psychology and that it doesn't fail in its object.

Another of these pernicious cults is that of the "Magic Ritualists," as they call themselves.

* * *

Recently a married man in a northern town disappeared completely from his wife and family on the eve of one of the festivals of this curious crowd. The police have sought him in vain. Undoubtedly his mind has snapped under the strain of it all

In hundreds of districts of England and Wales these fantastic ideas are held as strongly as if they were a really reputable religion. Not until somebody is driven mad by a curse supposed to have been put on him, or some wretched girl takes her life because she has fallen under the spell of the Evil Eye does the world hear of it—and shudder.

Crystallomancy is another strange cult that is doing untold harm—although you might think it is only the more or less harmless pastime of crystal-gazing exaggerated into an out-and-out hoodoo business.

In Crystallomancy there are incantations over the globe of glass used. The practitioners wear ceremonial attire, such as mantles of violet silk and wreaths of lilies. Incense is burnt—and such subtle scents as syringa and magnolia distributed. A sword is displayed, candles, torches, and a wand of hazel "at least twelve months old."

But the warnings are a hundred times more deadly than the half-a-crown-a-time crystal gazer employs. They tear husband from wife, daughter from mother, brother from brother. The offer of a fee to the practitioner would be spurned. He, or she, is after bigger game.

What the victim is asked to do, in the long run, is to produce her cheque book and pay away a certain sum. It alters the future for her. She doesn't have to pay it to the crystal gazer, of course, but the odds are just a million to one that it is she whom the money will reach.

Homes have been broken up because of the gullibility of the people who listen to these mad warnings. Girls have been driven to the edge of suicide—and beyond. They have worried themselves into nervous breakdowns—and worse.

And in plain fact there's nothing in it A crystal—any crystal—only works because when it is stared at for a time by human eyes it produces such a strain as to produce a mild hypnotic state. The curious things that *you* can see in a crystal have nothing to do with the future at all. They are merely fantastic shapes produced by over-concentration, and if the future should seem to make them prophetic, it is mere coicidence.

Crystal-gazing seems harmless enough; so it is, if you don't make yourself see things

* * *

The world offers impressionable people plenty of chances of going mad, if they are prepared to listen to everything they are told.

And don't let us forget some of the less dangerous practices which may be harmless enough to a person of intelligence, but may tempt the ignorant on to the threshold of something worse.

There is Arithmomancy, or building up your life according to the numbers you encounter, such as the number of your house or your telephone. Then there is cereoscopy—reading the future from melted wax dropped into cold water.

No harm in them? Well, there needn't be. But some of the most tragic victims of the more vicious cults have been recruited from the ranks of those who follow such things.

What we want to see now is a few of these traffickers in the occult put behind prison bars. Then they can invoke their Black Magic and the rest of it to get themselves outside!

Race with "Silver Ring"

Golden Miller's Chance

THE Grand National entries come to hand the day this issue of JOHN BULL is on sale.

Golden Miller will, of course, be given 12 st. 7 lb. in due course, but, even with the maximum, I cannot see what is to beat him.

I think he is probably a greater 'chaser than Manifesto or Cloister, and he revealed at Wolverhampton on Boxing Day that he is better than ever.

Manifesto won eight of his thirty-five races. The "Miller" has won seventeen of his twenty-seven events, and he has plenty of time to beat Manifesto's Aintree record. Manifesto won two Grand Nationals, was placed three times and unplaced on three other occasions. His first outing in the big 'chase was as a seven-year-old and his last at the ripe age, for a racehorse in training, of sixteen.

When he was third to Ambush in 1900 he carried 12 st. 13 lb., the minimum then being 9 st. 7 lb.

Golden Miller's Grand National record is one win, one fall, but he will be only eight when he lines up again in March.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 3, to Wednesday, January 9.

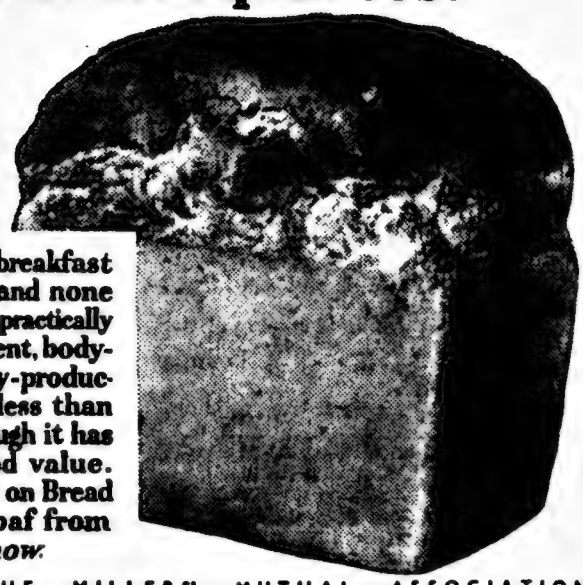
R	98	I	F	O	A	Q	C	93	B	94	M	P	U	X	Z
W	N	96	G	S	K	H	J	I	95	E	D	V	Y	97	L

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96S93 would read LATOI.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK should read ACCRA.

You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost



There is no better breakfast food than Bread—and none nearly so cheap. It is practically all pure nourishment, body-building and energy-producing, yet it costs far less than cereal foods although it has a much higher food value. Start the day right on Bread—order an extra loaf from your baker *now.*

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THERMOGENE
Brand
MEDICATED WADDING
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FAMOUS 70 YEARS AGO — FAMOUS NOW

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR
INFLUENZA, FEVERS, COLDS,
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GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY
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SEND FOR THIS — FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR."
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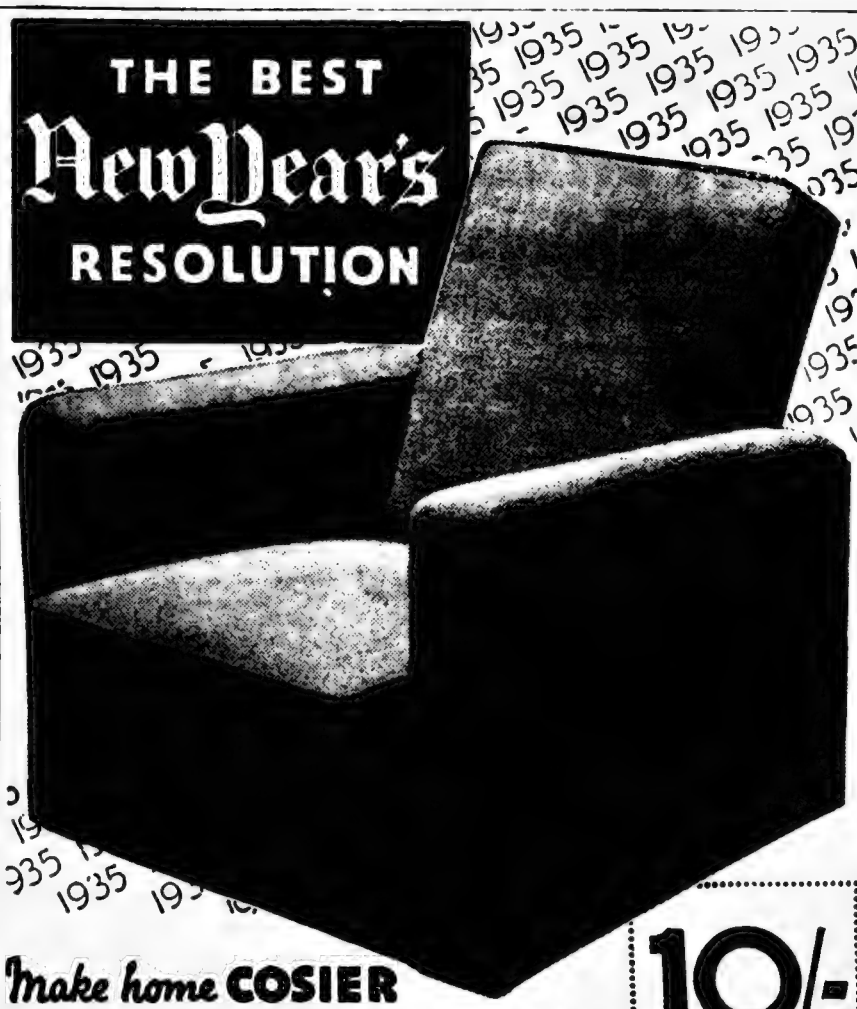
THE BEST New Year's RESOLUTION



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Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. Only 6d. and 1/- a box, in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse of Cream' process.

are you a "Cold Catcher"?

Protection by inoculation is doubtful, but 'QUINCASCA' Cold Cure Tablets have proved most successful in conferring immunity from Colds, Catarrh and Headache. Try them to-day.

Tin of 30, 1/3; Family size 3 times the quantity 3/- All Chemists, or post free from Laboratories (Dept. 8 E) 12 Chenies St. London, WC1

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets **FREE** Send postcard for trial sample.

Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee.

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COMMENCING PAY 15/- to £3 14s. PER WEEK
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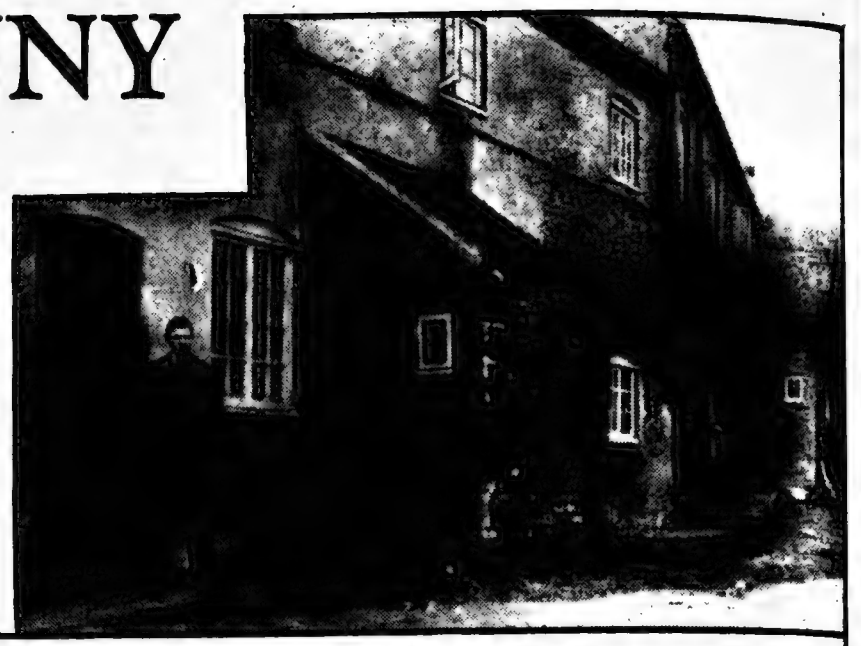
TYRANNY Comes to the Cottage



These cottages at Hednesford in Staffordshire have been the centre of an amazing dispute

SEVEN cottagers from Hednesford in Staffordshire were recently forced to go to Walsall County Court to appeal to the judge to save their homes from destruction.

The case they brought at their own expense is of urgent importance to the thousands of small property owners scattered throughout the country, whose dwellings may be similarly threatened with demolition.

It also reveals to what extraordinary lengths a Council will go in squandering ratepayers' money to no purpose.

One of the seven victims is an eighty-year-old woman, settled for the evening of her life in a cottage left in trust for her use and benefit: the others are miners and their relatives, whose savings are invested in the houses concerned.

The story begins a little more than two years ago, when the Cannock Urban District Council embarked on a building scheme.

These seven cottages in Littleworth-road were then inspected, and as a result the owners were informed that they "were unfit for habitation."

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Cannock authorities were not disposed to enter into any discussion about this drastic decision.

No reasons were given, nor were any alternative proposals made. The tenants were forthwith served with a notice saying that the houses had to be vacated within six weeks.

When the owners protested, the Council passed a resolution to the effect that the grounds upon which the cottages were to be demolished should now be revealed.

But in less than a month the same Council, with amazing inconsistency, met to pass a resolution deciding that details of the inspector's report should not be supplied. Not one of the victimised cottage owners could learn what were the faults alleged to have been found.

Kept in the dark in this way it was obviously impossible for the owners to offer any proposals, and the Council went ahead and sent out its orders for the demolition of the property. Having privately decided that the houses should be pulled down, it issued its instructions within six days.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE plight of the people to be thus rendered homeless or question of compensation was not apparently considered. A widow, who had already lost three cottages as a result of the Cannock building scheme, complained that she had received only £10 for the bricks obtained from property worth several hundred pounds.

The widow was one of the seven cottagers from Hednesford who appealed to Judge Tebbs in Walsall County Court to save her last remaining bit of property.

The Cannock authorities took up an attitude of the most extraordinary pig-headedness, and produced no fewer than fourteen officials to support the decision it had reached.

In spite of the fact that following inspection no list of necessary repairs had been forwarded, the Council held stubbornly the view that no amount of expense could render the houses fit!

It even went so far as to suggest that to have informed the owners of the defects would have been to break the very law which empowered them to order demolition!

Could anything be more unsatisfactory from the point of view of those whose savings were bound up in the threatened homes?

Such, then, is the brief history of the case laid before Judge Tebbs.

His Honour was not impressed by the array of officials who crowded his court. The cottages, he learned, were no more than sixty years old.

They were freehold, and in the most bracing and healthy part of Cannock.

An architect found that the roofs were in good water-tight condition, the outside walls were nine inches thick, the foundations were solid. Such faults as were to be found might be remedied at quite reasonable cost.

The evidence given by independent witnesses was directly contrary to that afforded by the officials who appeared for the Council of Cannock. In the course of the hearing it was revealed that one of the cottage owners had been visited by an inspector on at least forty occasions!

☆ ☆ ☆

JUDGE TEBBS is to be complimented upon the course he took. He adjourned the court and went to see the condemned cottages for himself. He found the officials of the Cannock Urban District Council were at fault, and on his return to court he did not hesitate to criticise the order for demolition.

In a final effort to secure the site for the furtherance of its own schemes, the Council now submitted that it was unsuitable.

But in answer to this the judge immediately pointed out that if that were so three-quarters of the small houses in the city of Birmingham would have to come down!

He did not hesitate to advise that councils making these drastic orders should first of all inform the owners the reasons for which they were made. The judge directed that it should be ascertained what repairs were essential.

So far so good. The seven owners of cottages in Hednesford were allowed to retain their property. The order for demolition was cancelled. Instructions were given that instead of being destroyed, the houses were to be renovated.

☆ ☆ ☆

COSTS were awarded against the Cannock Urban District Council, but the Council, stubborn to the last ditch, announced that it would appeal!

There has now been an amazing sequel to this story.

The cottages were vacated, and the repairs were carried out, yet months passed before the owners could gain permission to enter into possession of their property.

Meanwhile, the Cannock Urban District has embarked upon an expenditure of hundreds of pounds in order to escape the payment of £14 8s. 8d. a head to the seven cottagers bold enough to dispute its bureaucratic power.

Its appeal, which came before Lord Wright and Lords Justices Slesser and Roche, has now been dismissed, so that the cottage owners have been vindicated all along the line, though they are now awaiting settlement, and payment of the moneys due.

But not the least scandalous aspect of this whole sorry affair is that the Cannock ratepayers are now faced with a bill for £400, being the cost of waste and ill-advised expenditure incurred in an action that was unnecessary from the beginning.

THEY DON'T TALK MUCH, BUT—

THE Yorkshire moors are bluff and boisterous; at Cleveland they ascend to more than fourteen hundred feet. The North Sea storms the granite cliffs that reach from the Humber to the mouth of the smooth-flowing Tees. Four million Yorkshire acres are bounded by the towering summits of the Pennine Chain.

The Romans settled there, the Danes landed and pillaged the Saxon settlements. The Picts and Scots came southwards as far as the City of York itself.

Yorkshiremen are strong and stolid, not given to talking very much. They are at their best in action. Give a Yorkshireman a job to do and he will see it done.

They are house-proud and hospitable, able to take care of their own and endowed with a natural thrift and caution.

For instance, a reader in Dewsbury was visited by fire the other day, in which many of his household goods were destroyed. But being, like most men of Yorkshire, *naturally cautious*, he had taken the precaution to become a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and so was eligible for benefit under our free insurance scheme.

Throughout 1935 registered readers will be entitled to JOHN BULL'S helping hand in time of need. The benefits of JOHN BULL'S 1935 Insurance Gift, which came into force this month, will safeguard you, your home and those dear to you, against the numerous common perils of everyday life.

Many thousands of readers have had good cause to bless the day they signed the forms for this comprehensive Insurance Gift. Indeed, over 112,000 cheques have been paid to registered readers.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL, there is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent; but if you have not yet registered, do so right away.

You will find the necessary forms on page 31.

Make this your New Year Resolution

"I WILL BE FIT!"

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS WILL HELP YOU IN YOUR SEARCH FOR HEALTH.

DURING the next few months particularly, it is only common sense to take steps for safeguarding your health! Be prepared! Many people suffer needlessly from ailments which can be rectified quite easily. The pain and discomfort which follow normal eating, "nerves," those racking headaches, that "too old at Forty" feeling—be rid of them in 1935! There is a Shadforth remedy for every common ailment—a remedy which has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid. They are reasonably priced and will save you doctors' bills. Go to your chemist to-day, or send direct, and let Shadforth Prescriptions bring you back to health! *See Special Offer below.*

START RIGHT *by sending for* VALUABLE FREE BOOK OFFERED BELOW with every order!

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and add years to your Life!

It is VITALLY IMPORTANT to keep your Arteries young, especially if you are over 40 years of age. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries is now possible for those past their prime. "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you feel years younger. **Get it now.** **(Prescription No. 1186/T.)** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

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The New Chest and Lung Tonic

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.
Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients.
When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes 2 pints of the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic.
Shadforth Prescription No. 617.
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"BRAIN SPARKLERS"

the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. These magic pellets make you brighter in an hour and feel a new man or woman in two days. "Brain Sparklers" dispel Absent Mindedness, Fear of Failure, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Run-down Conditions, Sleeplessness. **Doctors prescribe "Brain Sparklers"** for Civil Servants, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers, and all Brain workers. **(Shadforth Prescription No. 470.) A proved remedy.** 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

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DID XMAS FEASTING GIVE YOU PAIN?

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

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You need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

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A Trial will convince you and make your mealtime happier!

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Immediately, all day and all night painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour away from your occupation, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They eliminate Uric Acid and all that is harmful. You are restored. Stop worrying. **Ask for "Bladder Comforters," Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

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PROMPT RELIEF AND PERMANENT RESTORATION

Here is a Tonic Laxative Treatment which quickly relieves and soothes Hæmorrhoids, associated with Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Complete four-fold Hæmorrhoid Treatment No. 394 D.D. Price 7/6.**

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Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

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A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away.

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea. **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.** Prices, post free, in air-tight canisters, 6d. and 1/-.

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Book No. A187 "John Bull," 5/1/1935

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A.G.'s are extra crisp, making cigarette rolling easier and better by hand or machine.

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Roll in A.G. to get the real flavour of your tobacco—the *thinner* paper that is *pure*.

Insist on A.G.'s. They cost no more, but *save you more*.

Start now! *A.G.'s fit all machines and give best results.*

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HOW WELL-KNOWN AIRMAN CURED DIGESTIVE TROUBLE.

Remarkable letter from producer of London-Melbourne Air Race Film.

Everybody knows of Mr. Roy Tuckett, the aerial film pioneer whose film "London-Melbourne" is attracting such large audiences at cinemas all over the country, but few know that he was very nearly compelled to give up his career as an airman through acute digestive trouble. In his own words: "A year ago I feared I could not carry on. I could not eat a meal, I could not even drink a cup of tea without suffering agony from indigestion. Nothing I tried seemed to bring me any relief. I had two X-rays and my appendix was removed—all to no avail. I was on the point of abandoning my flight over the Australian Air Race Route when, as a last resource, I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To my amazement the first dose brought instant relief, so I continued the treatment, carried the powder on my flight and am now completely cured."

And you too, can obtain just as great and speedy relief as this famous airman. But be sure to get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not accept an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence but ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets at 1/3, 2/- and 5/-.

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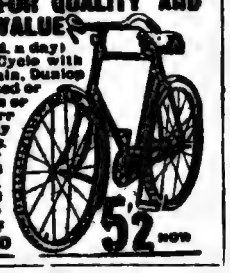


52 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Great DOG Mystery

DOG licence days are here again. Approximately two and three-quarter million people have paid or are going to pay in the next few days the 7s. 6d. that buys the love of an animal friend for a whole twelve months.

Whatever the exact figure, it is going to provide us with a first-class dog mystery.

You, for instance, must feel quite sure that our dog population is going up by leaps and bounds. Don't dogs seem thicker in our streets than ever before, so that in the ultra-smart shopping districts you sometimes have difficulty in picking your way over their leads?

Then in how many houses—and even small flats, too—are two small dogs kept instead of the one big specimen who used to do duty as custodian of the household?

A good look round would seem to convince anyone that this is rapidly becoming a world of dogs, in which human beings will have second place. They wait patiently beside restaurant tables, where no animal would have been allowed to sit before the war. They perch on seats on our buses, the conductors permitting. The Great Western Railway has even run dog excursions to give the town pet a taste of country air.

Not so big

Yes, there is certainly going to be a surprise when the figures for the sale of dog licences this month are published—a pleasant surprise for the people who argue that a dog is more of a nuisance than a blessing and a distinctly bad one for those who regard canine friendship as one of the greatest things on earth.

For the dog, as shown by statistics for the last ten years, is dying out at a faster rate than the lion, the elephant, or any other animal that is moving in the direction of extinction. And this year the decrease in the dog population will be greater than ever before.

London's dog population of 230,000 has been falling steadily at the rate of 6,000 a year, sufficient, if maintained, to make London a dogless city in thirty-eight years.

And lest it be thought that the decrease is due to some set of circumstances peculiar to London, there is the fact that the recent fall in our national dog population from 3,000,000 to 2,800,000 has taken place in such a short space of time as to suggest that the last hound will disappear from Britain in about thirty-five years' time.

It will never happen, of course, because there will always be a nucleus of people in this animal-loving country who would refuse to live without a dog.

Preserving the pampered

But against that is a fact that a radical change is coming over the dog himself, a change that might estrange public affection if the process is continued. The decrease that is going on is mainly one of big dogs.

On the other hand, there is an actual increase in the number of effete dogs, fluffy dogs, dogs which would run away from a mouse and which are scared and unhappy away from their mistresses' laps. And on top of that, the types of dogs which men used to love most are being bred "down" into balls of fluff that most men would regard as nuisances.

The Yorkshire terrier is but one instance of many. Before the war he was a dour, hard-fighting little beast, good-tempered enough to avoid a fight unless it were forced upon him, but ready to give a good account of himself, if necessary, against a dog twice his size.

To-day the Yorkshire terrier is displayed at shows as a dog half his old size, a pretty-pretty affair of curls and goldilocks—something nice to nurse for a woman who prefers dogs to babies, but with no appeal at all to a man.

Many of the dogs of to-day are being so pampered and coddled that they are as delicate at hot-house flowers. They are aired in the car, surrounded with every sort of cushioned comfort, fed like babies, and over-indulged in a score of ways. There is on sale for them minced meats compressed into squares and dipped in vitamins, each cube being wrapped in waxed paper.

Change a dog into an animal that never has anything more difficult to masticate than a rice pudding and he will lose his instinct for tearing, crunching and crushing—and from that moment will cease to be a dog. And that is exactly what is happening.

It is the real dog that is dying out. The canine prig with a "permed" coat and ribbons is increasing in numbers. And as they will never have as permanent a hold on our affections as the big dog of yesterday, it is quite on the cards that in fifty years' time we shall be quite reconciled to letting dogs—or such dogs as we have then—die out.

Crowded out

Why are fewer dogs being licensed every year? It is not due to shortage of money. Indeed our social system has been so improved that there are fewer people to-day who can't get together a few shillings for a licence than ever before.

Actually it is because there is less and less room in life for the dog as we reorder our lives.

Domestic servants are harder to find—and so people who love the company of dogs, but don't like the work involved, give up keeping pets. Motoring becomes more and more popular—so the 7s. 6d. that used to be paid for a dog licence is contributed towards a car licence because it is difficult to keep taking dogs away for week-ends or accommodating them in hotels.

Our homes become smaller—mansions being split into maisonettes and householders moving into flats. The dog suffers nearly every time.

Not even those people who have never had servants or big houses and are hardly likely ever to buy a car can keep dogs with the same freedom as they used. "No pets" is finding its way on to more and more leases, particularly those of housing estates.

At Wandsworth 400 families living on a new estate have been told that unless they have their dogs or cats sold or destroyed they themselves will be in danger of being turned out. As most of them have been displaced from derelict houses by slum-clearance schemes, they feel they are being debarred one of the chief joys of life because of their poverty.

Big dog and little dog—and it's the little 'uns who are surviving the big 'uns

Dogless Britain?

Yet the position of the borough councils mustn't be misunderstood. They must study the hyper-house-proud man as well as the animal lover. And there can be no anger more excusable than that of a man who, finding himself able to grow a bed of geraniums for the first time after thirty years in a slum, finds his geraniums torn up as soon as they begin to bloom.

On the majority of new estates for displaced slum tenants that dread rule "No Pets" applies. Fortunately the animal societies are trying to get the various local authorities to take the point of view adopted at Aberdeen—that the rule shall only be enforced in the cases of pets that make themselves dangerous, destructive, or in any way objectionable.

This may well prove to be the solution that will ease the heart-aches of people who have been told that they must not keep pets.

Even the biggest animal-lovers will agree that it is well that dogs—and cats, too, for that matter—should not be allowed to increase in numbers too prolifically. A nation overrun with pets wouldn't be a happy place for the pets themselves or for human beings.

But the strange thing is that the country seems to be becoming overrun with them, despite the remarkable drop revealed by our annual dog census.

"The other man's dog" annoys all of us at times, particularly those that reflect the lack of discipline or thought for others in their owners' minds.

Yet rather that than that they should be allowed to die out altogether. For no one, whatever his views about animals, would want to see a completely dogless London, a dogless Britain.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

MODERN ROMANCE:—"There are two KIDS of freckles."

NORTH WALES WEEKLY NEWS:—"Special VALVES in dress fabrics."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The SOLE is to be reopened to-morrow."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—". . . huge sleeves and COW neck, all embroidered in contrasting colours."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"His own gift . . . consisted of ornamental SHRUGS for his garden."

THE URMSTON, FLIXTON AND DAVYHULME TIMES:—"The carpet was littered with ROOM."

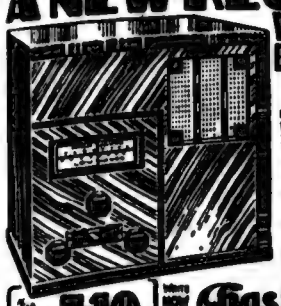
THE DONCASTER GAZETTE:—". . . at the open show of the Doncaster and District Cage BIRTH Society."

THE DAILY DISPATCH (MANCHESTER):—". . . green frock and beautiful MINK fur coat."

THE STATESMAN (DELHI):—"The following is the result of the Victorian eight-EARED championship."

PERTHSHIRE ADVERTISER:—". . . went to oppose the Persians at the narrow LASS of Thermopylae."

A NEW RECORD WIRELESS BARGAIN



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ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

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PRICES:
26 ins. to 34 ins. **10/-**
36 ins. to 42 ins. **12/6**
Postage 4d.

These belts are a safeguard against all abdominal complaints. Prevents that "dragging-down" feeling and has a good uplift. Every man or woman who has had an abdominal operation should wear one of these belts. They are so comfortable, simple to fasten, have leather-protected supports and elastic sides. For other styles and outsizes write for price list and measurement form. **Free.**

A Customer writes:—"Belt has given me great relief and I feel better in every way."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

MOTHERS TO BE!

I CAN SAVE YOU POUNDS AND PUT YOUR MIND AT REST—DON'T DELAY LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR **30/-**

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long cloths:

75 delightful garments for Winter or Summer Baby. Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightlee, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat, Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

SUCH LETTERS AS THESE ARE ARRIVING DAILY:— "To have such garments ready to put Baby in is a pleasure. I think your layette is worthy of all the recommendation it gets."

Expectant Mothers! SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. **Mrs. J. B. HOWARD,** 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

£2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine Lever lady's 18 ct. plated expanding bracelet watch—made for the Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price which we, as expert valuers, know to be a world-wide achievement, ranking us as the **British House for Amazing Bargains.** 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW!

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The greatest gift offer ever! If you are familiar with our 100% Sheffield 'Double-Life' 5-hole type razor blades at 1/- per packet of 12, you will appreciate that they are equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. Just order 3 packets (post and packing 6d.) and receive by return ABSOLUTELY FREE the following 4 gifts—a Genuine Aircraft Shockproof Watch with unbreakable glass and 5 years' warranty, also a real silver-plated pocket chain, also a self-filling fountain pen with 14-ct. gold-plated nib, also a plated propelling pencil. Send 3/6 now to secure yours. No waiting, sent immediately.

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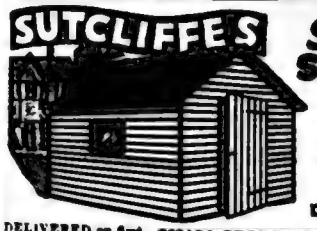

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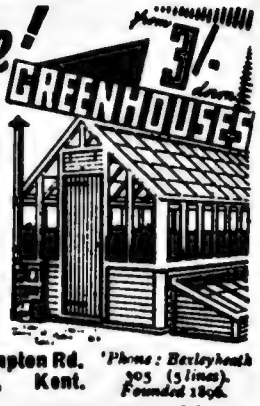

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OUR LETTER

MY DAY DREAM

I DREAM of the time when the hospitals will be a national charge, and not have to descend to the degradations so many have in their search for money with which to carry on. Their splendid duty should be honourably supported.

In addition, ambulances would be run with the efficiency of the Post Office mail vans. Then the scandal of ambulances not being able to come to the aid of sufferers because of red-tape boundaries would be ended.—*Mrs. E. R., Sheffield.*

It's Coming

I have a dream that some day England will be a little like the England of my boyhood, when children could play on the highways without fear of hurt, and when the simple things of life seemed far more precious than to-day.

I am trying hard to recapture the atmosphere of those far-off days and impregnate others with its peacefulness and charm.

And even now I feel that a change is coming which will eliminate the speed which we misterm "progress," and the artificial joys we mistake for happiness, and that the hearts and minds of many are turning to simpler and more natural joys.—*H. J. R., Westminster.*

All Brothers

Of the time when there will be no police, no Army, no Navy; no passport restrictions. When men will take no account of race or colour, but be brothers.

There will be equal opportunity for all; character—not influence—will count. Politicians will work, not for Party, but for world humanity.

There will be a Commonwealth of all nations, and a World Parliament will act for the peoples of the world as a whole, seeing that our interests must be co-equal if we are to attain perfect happiness.—*J. C. C., Wallasey.*

The Call

How I long for the smell of native ground-nut soup; of muggy swamps. To gaze into monotonous bush, watch gaily-coloured birds flitting around while lazy lizards bake on the ground.

Meet "old timers," hear their yarns while lounging in the cool evening under the incomparable tropical moon, and catching the weird melodies from guitars accompanied by chirping crickets, night birds' trills and forest activity.

Life, liberty, freedom! When will the atmosphere of that country cease to envelop me? Africa—that "call of the West Coast"!—*W. B., Newcastle.*

It'll Never Happen

I visualise huge crowds, being swayed by my rhetoric and eloquence. The people are impressed by my logic, and I am being congratulated by those whose opinions are worth while.

I am being pressed to address meetings all over the country. I am being urged by the local political organisation to become a prospective candidate for Parliamentary honours, while I am asked to preside at local functions.

Thus I dream amidst the dust of a colliery screen. Alas! it can never come true! I am an incurable stammerer.—*"Ego," S. Wales.*

Security for Them

I am often awakened by my husband with the words "a penny for 'em."

My dream is of the "old people," my dear old mum and dad, who have sacrificed so much for me.

To be able to buy them a nice little home, with a few shillings a week for "extras," so that there would not be the continual worry of "finding the rent," would be my greatest day-dream realised.—*Mabs, Edgware.*

Back to Earth

It is a bright summer day, the crowds round the sports arena are cheering their favourite riders. The cyclists racing round the track are heedless of the noise.

There is only half a lap to go and the crowd yells encouragement to a young fellow in blue, who makes a spectacular dash from a bunch of riders and passes the leaders to win by half a wheel.

A smiling official pins the coveted brassard round the winner's arm. Another victory is added to my many successes, then the foreman's rather forceful remarks bring me back to earth.—*J. Mc., Birmingham.*

A Playground Again

My son is growing out of his childhood. No longer do we play hide-and-seek, cowboys and Indians, or turn the house into a playground. Instead, he asks me serious questions, all of them searching.

My day-dream is to see him occupy an honourable and respected position, to bring his bride to the home, and to turn the house once more into a playground with a third generation.

Will my dream come true, or is he destined for a victim of the conflict that is said to threaten once more?—*D. A., Altrincham.*

Reunion?

As a child I had a very unhappy home life through the constant clashing of temperaments between my mother and father; then my mother left my father and we all became separated.

For thirty years I have dreamed what it must be like to have a happy home where love reigns instead of strife.

Now my day-dream is coming true. Ill-health and misfortune have touched us all and broken down barriers as perhaps nothing else could do.

This New Year will bring to us, I hope, some measure of that happiness which has been denied to us in the past.—*Miss S., Kettering.*

New Birth

Rank by rank; lean men from the U.S.A., tall men from the Antipodes, khaki, field grey, fezzed, tin-hatted. Picturesque Arabs in step with virile little men of the East.

As they march past each one throws his weapon into the bottomless pit with a sigh of relief.

Not far away a little group of angry men mutter, "This is the end of our prosperity." But a hundred million women's voices reply, "This is the beginning of all things—bloodshed is vanquished in the throes of the world's new birth!"—*A. W., Nottingham.*

Unafraid

My only son is a pilot flying on one of the popular air routes. He writes me long letters, and tells of the wonderful things he sees when looking down on the big country.

When I am busy about the house I often think of my boy, high up in the air, and my day-dream becomes more vivid when I see myself holding tight to my bonnet and sitting on the seat by him.

Perhaps some day my dream will come true. And when it does I won't be afraid—with my boy the pilot.—*G., Wales.*

Happy Thoughts

A little farmhouse, far away—out in the pure and tranquil air of the country. A grey-haired old couple feed the fowls and geese that come flocking round them in an excited and noisy throng. Rover, my sheepdog, who never failed to recognise the footsteps of his master, is there, too.

Those are the thoughts that constitute my day-dream—a dream of reunion with my parents after an absence of five years, when I first set out to make good.—*"Happy," Wilts.*

Heartache

Often in my day-dream I see my small son growing week by week into young manhood—so lovely and sweet, so kind and courageous, loving me as I only wish to be loved by a devoted son.

Alas! after eight years of waiting for him, I had him only five weeks before he died.

He is just a dream, but so real that when I rouse myself it leaves an ache which is sometimes almost unbearable.—*Mrs. S. W., Holyhead.*

* * *

My little shop becomes a large and busy store; I see many assistants busily tending to the needs of my customers. Cold reality shows only a hardworking wife and myself struggling to make our small business pay its way.—*L. T., Staffs.*

To own a small house, marry a good husband, have two children, and enough money to live comfortably on, and a little to spare for anybody who came my way and was badly needing help.—*M. M. L. Selsdon.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post TUESDAY, January 8.

My Golden Rule of Life

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on January 5

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Liverpool v. Arsenal.
(2) PORTSMOUTH v Grimsby.
(3) Preston v. Everton.
(4) Wednesday v. MANCHESTER C.
*(5) SUNDERLAND v. Wolverhampton.
(6) HOTSPUR v. Huddersfield.
*(7) W.B. ALBION v Middlesbrough.
(8) Birmingham v. STOKE.
(9) DERBY v. Aston Villa.
(10) LEEDS v. Blackburn.
(11) Leicester v. CHELSEA.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Oldham v. Southampton.
(2) PORT VALE v. Barnsley.
(3) SWANSEA v. Bradford C.
(4) Bradford v. Plymouth.
(5) Brentford v. NEWCASTLE.
*(6) BURNLEY v. Notts County.
(7) Bury v. BOLTON
*(8) FULHAM v. Norwich.
(9) Hull v. Blackpool.
*(10) MANCHESTER U. v. Sheffield U.
*(11) FOREST v. West Ham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) COVENTRY v. Boscombe.
(2) EXETER v. Southend.
(3) Gillingham v. Reading.
(4) LUTON v Bristol Rovers.
*(5) MILLWALL v. Watford.
(6) SWINDON v. Torquay
(7) Aldershot v. Q.P. Rangers.
(8) BRIGHTON v Charlton.
*(9) BRISTOL C. v Newport.
*(10) CARDIFF v. C. Palace
*(11) ORIENT v. Northampton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Rotherham v. Mansfield.
(2) Stockport v. Doncaster.
**(3) TRANMERE v. Rochdale.
(4) WALSALL v. Chesterfield.
**(5) WREXHAM v Carlisle.
(6) Accrington v. Chester.
**(7) CREWE v. Hartlepools.
(8) DARLINGTON v. New Brighton.
(9) GATESHEAD v. Southport.
**(10) HALIFAX v. Barrow.
*(11) LINCOLN v. York.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) HAMILTON v Falkirk.
(2) HEARTS v Dunfermline.
(3) KILMARNOCK v. Airdrie.
(4) Queen's Park v. MOTHERWELL.
(5) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Partick.
(6) RANGERS v. Dundee.
*(7) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Celtic.
(8) ABERDEEN v. Hibernian.
(9) ALBION ROVERS v. Ayr.
**(10) CLYDE v. St. Mirren.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—5 (*H*); Div. II.—7 (*A*); Southern Section—1 (*H*); Northern Section—3 (*H*). Scottish League—4 (*A*) would indicate Sunderland, Bolton, Coventry, Tranmere and Motherwell.

THE COLD AND INFLUENZA MENACE IS HERE — COMBAT IT WITH 'ASPRO' NOW

The fear of the yearly 'flu and cold menace is losing its importance. The reason is that 'ASPRO' has definitely proved to hundreds of thousands of people that it will smash up any cold or 'flu attack in one night—so there's no need to fear. BUT THERE IS NEED FOR ACTION. At first symptoms of a cold or 'flu attack, we suggest you take 'ASPRO' immediately. Do not delay. Weeks of lying up—discomfort—and all sorts of complications may be saved by this action. Two or three 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink is all that is generally required to do the work. If the 'flu is attended with a sore throat, gargle with two 'ASPRO' tablets in a glass of water. You will find this most efficient in dealing with the sore throat.

READ THIS COLD AND 'FLU TESTIMONY

'ASPRO' AND HOT LEMON WORK WONDERS

8a, Princess Street,
Dear Sirs, Huddersfield.

I would like to send a word of praise for the wonder that two small 'ASPRO' and hot lemon works. It is an unfailing remedy, and whenever my family of six have any sign of a cold that's the remedy I fly to, and it is sufficient testimony to prove its worth, when I say we have had one whole year free of illness (since using 'ASPRO'), the first time for 14 years.

I have recommended them to all my friends, who, like myself, have been both amazed and delighted with the results.

I might add I do not like to ever be without them in the house; they are wonderful in case of headache.

Yours gratefully,
E. BROADHEAD.

NURSE USES 'ASPRO' FOR CASE OF BRONCHIAL CATARRH

Nurse P. writes from Nottingham:

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ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

£3,650 Won in Crossword Competition No. 286.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following four competitors, who share the 3,000 Guineas offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £787 10s. will be sent.

W. A. Last, 3, Rushbrook Crescent, Walthamstow, E.17; R. Marshall, 276, Baddes Moor Lane, East Dene, Rotherham; W. J. Nance, Polmorla Road, Wadebridge, Cornwall; J. Waters, 154, College Street, St. Helens, Lancs.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, January 8, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, coupon or coupons and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, to avoid "scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 82 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error only, who will each receive £1 13s. 6d. A List of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. An extra £200 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted four 6d. coupons in the same envelope. BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 285. Fourteen competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered as I previously stated, £7 2s. 11d. have been distributed.

A Splendid New X-Word Offer with a Pension of £3 Weekly for Life and £500 Cash, or one lump sum of £900 with £100 to be divided between Runners-up and a Wonderful New Year Hamper for *every* Prize-Winner appears on page 32. Try your skill now!

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THE announcement of our gigantic 1935 Free Family Insurance Gift, which appeared in last week's issue of JOHN BULL, will assist hundreds of thousands of our registered readers to face the year, upon which we have now entered, with an easy mind. For JOHN BULL'S wonderful Insurance Gift, which has proved such a boon and a blessing to thousands in time of distress, provides unique and precious protection against the numerous common perils of everyday life

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If you are *not yet* a registered reader of JOHN BULL, become one at once, thus entitling you to all the Benefits provided by JOHN BULL'S unrivalled Insurance Gift. All you have to do is to fill up the forms on the left. Don't put off this simple act until another day—do it NOW

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This week we shall extend enormously the list of Crossword prize-winners by presenting a New Surprise Award, with Bonus Offer, to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up.
EACH WITH UNIQUE £1 BONUS OFFER!
These prizes to be posted Wed Jan 23

LONG Acre never marks time, and "John Bull's" new 1935 Crosswords are designed to give you 100 per cent. more entertainment than puzzles of last year, because almost every Clue is framed in a way which challenges your wits.

But 1935 brings you something more than a 100 per cent. Entertainment Crossword, for "John Bull's" Promise-plus-Promise First Prize has been increased to-day to £2 a Week for Life and £500 cash. There are Grand Party Hampers of Long Acre quality for everybody winning a cash prize of £1 or over. £100 cash and Season Tickets are waiting for Runners-up as detailed above and unlimited new Surprise Awards, each with a £1 Bonus Offer, await competitors who fail by one error to reach the list of Runners-up.

With such a splendid new array of prizes to aim at and the knowledge that our new category of Surprise Award winners will bring success to more competitors than ever before, you will settle down to our new 100 per cent. Entertainment Crossword with still greater zest.

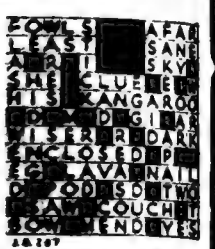
Give yourself time to tackle the problem with care and see that you post your entry in time for arrival by noon, Thursday, January 10.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 cash to the sender of the first correct solution on one square of the Crossword published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 10, 1935. Should more than one correct solution be received, the prize will be awarded to the senders whose entry is the nearest correct solution. All prize money will be divided between those competitors who send solutions containing one error only, or who send solutions more than one correct solution. An extra Bonus of £1 each will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we receive correct solutions to the same crossword. The winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a Grand New Year Hamper will be sent. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus offer will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 17, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 24.

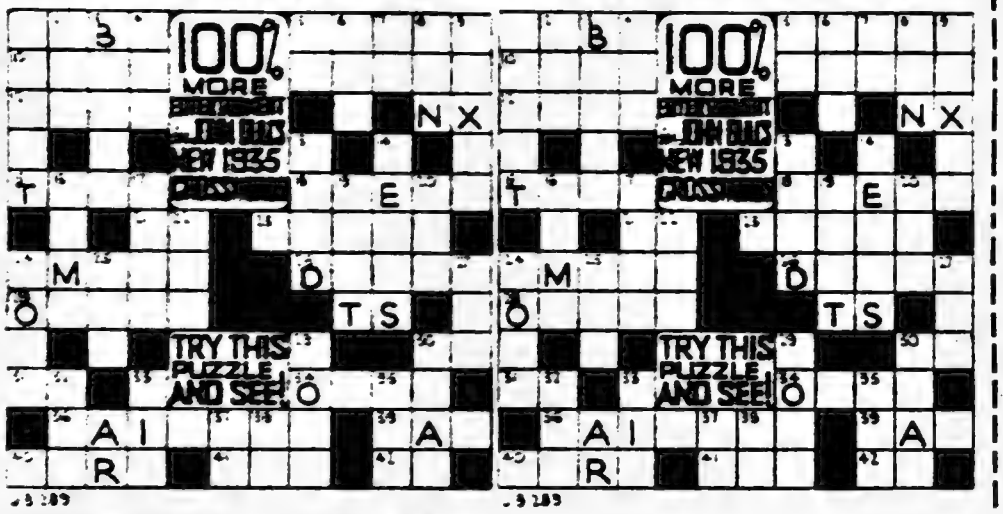
Solution of L Word No. 287.

Winners in Crossword No. 287 appear on page 31. Result of 287 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 287 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-Word competitors.

No claims required. AA 287



"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 289—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1935



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value ..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

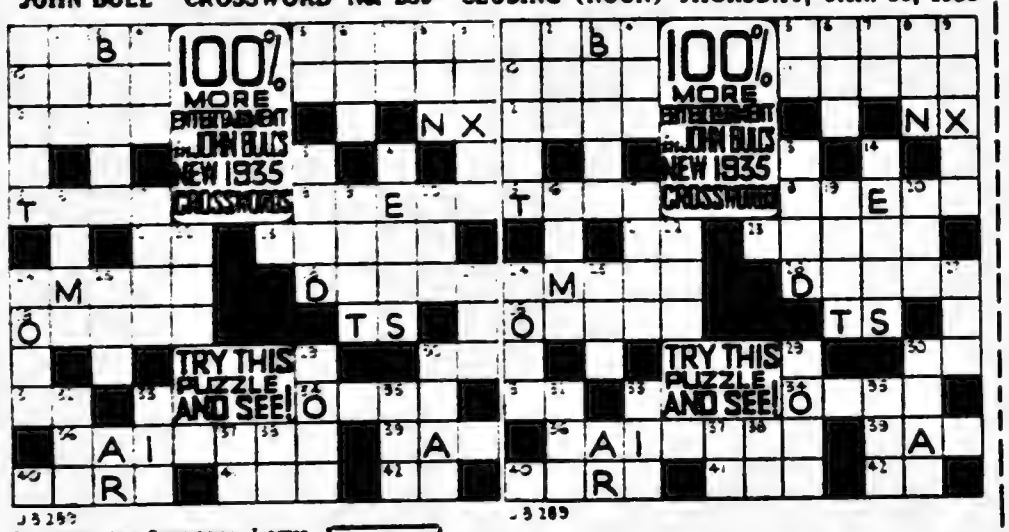
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 289—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1935



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value ..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. They rave depend on horse-power, not horses
6. Gives steadiness to aeroplane's wings
11. Cars are let out on this
12. Sparkles in the Duchess's coiffure
13. Young reporter hopes to do so, one day
15. Village smithy had a chestnut one
18. What Mr B's wife does to bazaar
19. Letters representing motorists' organisation
21. What hair, teeth and friends can all be
24. Recruits do this if they don't look thus
26. Regarded with excessive fondness
28. To be of opinion
30. Take the "P" from pod
31. First two vowels
34. First one often accounts for batsman
35. Tithe law is often responsible for them
37. Successful bookmaker has one with him
40. Often travels at high speed
41. Local train rarely comes when it's this
42. Behead eel for this one

DOWN

1. Is safer when locked up
2. Beggar doesn't always deserve it
3. Many risk their careers for the sake of one
4. What newly-wed's jelly didn't
5. Short for street
6. Without this a man is seldom well-dressed
7. Rat without a tail
8. Caterer makes tea in one
9. Are often called for in vain
13. Uneven one may upset van's steering
14. Sportsmen usually have before big event
16. Some boxing matches are no more than this
17. Gain money by work
19. Guy Fawkes suffered for his
20. Indicates maiden name
22. Chewed
24. Is stored in dry place
25. Where you'd expect to see waterfowl
27. Often explodes without warning
29. Apt to run
30. By word of mouth
32. Here's the crossword age again
33. This word rhymes with "wit" and is made by many amateur players
35. A she sheep
37. Cuts the Editor short
38. Short for Rugby Union

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co. ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, January 10, 1935.

2. **In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."**

Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 24, 1935, should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 5, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted **as final.**

4.—No Scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100, or the Surprise Awards. Accidentally entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

5.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £500 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

6.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

7.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

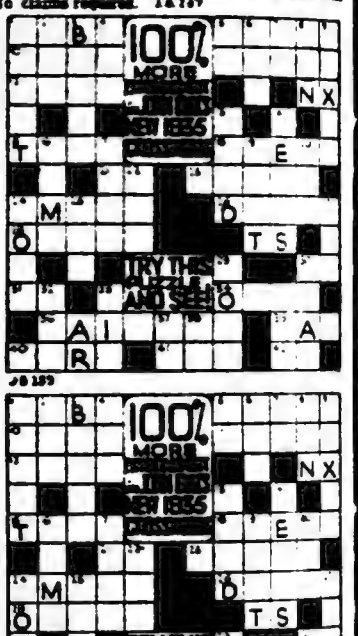
8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

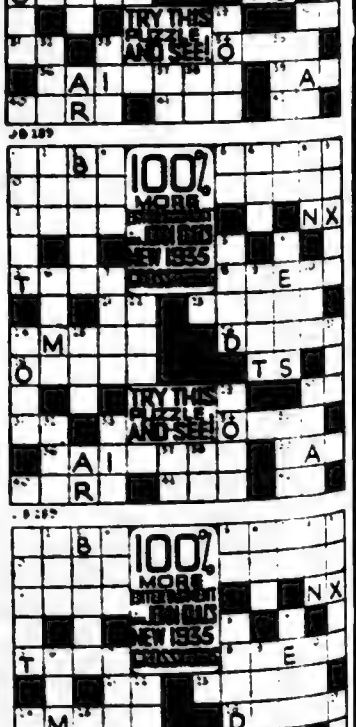
ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 289, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Free Help for X-Word Entrants. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 50, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Readers" page.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED





NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers. Newsagents

The Editor Laughs LAST

A mannequin must ease." Naturally.
er).—"I have quar- over one of my pre- 't he make it up?
"Believe me, carry- on reduces weight."
phant?
A friend of mine was the charge of steal- whisky" No case.
uld I discourage my eroplanes?" Not if e in the world.
A good doctor soon who are pretending if he X-rays them
).—"My wife was so rize cake she went She swallowed her
—"I find that actors ipe old age." Again uperiority of a diet
ol).—"My fiancé is n, yet he writes the letters." Are they nts?
).—"I believe that oxers is touring the get matches." Get- out!
—"My success as a entirely due to my oard school?
I may be eccentric y feet." Of course—
m).—"What do you n a gas man found with a candle?" He ort?
.—"A lot of pretty spectacles when ad- " It's a shortsighted
ge).—"I have a very loud-mouthed per- t on very well with
—"Many a real gem s." But we thought rvant hardly existed
"My wife goes to a miles away to do her ng your money go a
Of course, you see, ntinues to rise." If er it'll soon be up ose clouds.
—"My son is experi- ives Is there any It's uncertain, but
rpool).—"Choir boys f little angels when ." But only when r.
d).—"I am very tall d my boss keeps on ng too tall for my o?" Don't wait any ob.
—"When I was in saw a man who is o talk with spar- e only man who can little bird told him
W.C.).—"You'd be humb begins to ache about all day." De- you are continually of hot soup?
er).—"Although my nile away from the an always tell when y the home team, of
—"When looking r's homework book I e so much red ink black mark for your
—"An old man has ire moors, hermit- rs, with a wild look ly a Scot who once and has never been
et).—"I always think em to be definitely mes and some names ace at certain dates." ord "Bill" early in
ol).—"Have you seen machine that scoops ght of earth every No, but we should ion it somewhat re- fer getting out of a

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

by KID

H. A. C. (Dorset).—"I am letting my house go for next to nothing because it is haunted." You are giving up the ghost?

SHOWMAN (Lancs).—"During the summer I run a switchback railway, but have a job to live during the winter." Your life's full of ups and downs.

J. M. B. (Park Lane).—"I sacked the private tutor because he said my son had no brains." You'd better advertise for another to fill the vacancy.

M. G. (Hull).—I don't think any man likes to start business in a district where there is a lot of ill-feeling." Unless he's a doctor.

A. W. (Birmingham).—"A friend of mine reported that he saw a ghost in a music-hall." It was probably giving the audience an extra turn.

THINKER (Willesden).—"Hore-Belisha's idea of having men to watch the Beacons should help employment." And more so when men are appointed to watch the men who are watching the Beacons.

A. M. (Midlands).—"My neighbour's boy was reprimanded in court for throwing mud at people in the street." We shall watch his career as a 'bus-driver with interest.

CASUAL (Trowbridge).—"What does a man get for sawing a hundred logs?" Blisters.

EDITH (Bolton).—"I recently skipped for two hours." And now, we suppose, you consider the gift book as read?

CATHODE (London, W.C.).—"What marvels has television in store for us!" As to that, we must wait and see!

PATER (Newbury).—"All my four boys send their collars and expect me to pay the laundry bill." That's a bit too stiff.

CONVALESCENT (Stourbridge).—"When I had scarlet fever recently the doctor told me I was the first for twelve months." You were an isolated case.

TRADER (Westbury).—"I observed a falling-off in holly and mistletoe. . ." Also among those who climbed ladders to hang the stuff?

H. P. (Knebworth).—"What would you think if your golf ball landed on the wallet you lost a week previously." That it was a stroke of luck.

S. C. (Ilminster).—"I was examining a deep well when by sheer carelessness my assistant broke the chain at the windlass." He let you down?

H. M. B. (Yeovil).—"I get really angry because my wife will eat an orange the last thing at night." She gives you the pip?

N. H. (Blackfriars).—"The average heavyweight, you've probably noticed, has only two seconds in his corner." But ten on his back.

PHOTOGRAPHER (London, W.).—"The public does not realise how wonderful developing-rooms are." We have never seen very much in them ourselves.

BUSINESS MAGNATE (E.C.).—"Men who do important work in the heat of the moment are fools." This seems rather hard on blacksmiths.

MOTHER (Bacup).—"Tucked in snugly in bed most small boys are comfortable enough." Unless, of course, they have tucked in themselves too much.

CHORUS GIRL (Wimbledon).—"The theatregoer does not know what goes on behind the scenes." But he sees the little that has gone on in the dressing-room.

J. M. S. (Chester).—"Can anybody get a pension at 70?" Anybody can get one at any age in *Bullets* this week. We're breaking all records on page 35 by offering two Life Pensions in a seven-day contest!

CUE (Woking).—"In a billiard tournament at the club, I was drawn to play my old teacher." And did you meet your master?

H. A. (Edinburgh).—"Is it possible to glide round an ice-rink without using skates?" That is precisely what most people do the first time they try using skates.

TEMPORARY (Wolverhampton).—"During the Christmas rush I got a job as a temporary postman, but am now on the look-out for another job." You wish for another post?

B. L. (Hatfield).—"Did you read of the London pigeon that sat for a long time on top of a Belisha beacon and was photographed?" Probably the foolish bird was trying to make its friends believe it had laid the thing.

N. L. (Manchester).—"Do you agree with the doctor who says that breakfast in bed is good for the nerves?" Well, some people who indulge in this habit become very irritated when crumbs get between the sheets.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ENGINEERS—ARE YOU READY?

The bad days are over. The dawn of a new prosperity is brightening the engineering industry. Are you ready to accept one of the thousands of first-class jobs that will be offered? Be advised in time. A few letters after your name will mean all the difference between the "hammer and file brigade" and a first-class post. Our unique Handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES," explains the easiest way of securing A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., etc. The book also gives details of Home-study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio Engineering, Building, etc., and indicates the advantages of our Employment Department. This Handbook is the most valuable guide you can have in your possession at a time when chances are going to be snapped up or lost to you for good. Think it over, and send a postcard for your copy of the Handbook at once—FREE and without obligation.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 54, Shakespeare House, 29/31, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for — 1/3 and 3/-.

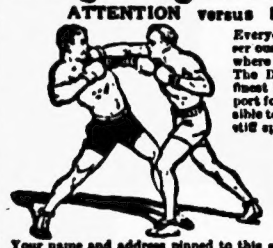
GREAT UNIVERSAL

pay you for introducing your friends, 3,000 amazing bargains obtainable through this new scheme. Write to-day for full particulars to:—GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES Ltd. (Dept. 198D), Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester. No. NA/5137.—Satin Finish Mackintosh. Stock sizes, Black, Nigger, Fawn.

★ Cash price 10/- carriage paid

A Fight Against Rupture

ATTENTION versus NEGLECT.



Everyone should realise the ever presence of Rupture, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for Rupture that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries.

Your name and address pinned to this advertisement will bring complete details of our free 10 days' trial plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(482U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482U), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

I'm no Mae West

but a lot of menfolk come up and see me sometimes. Some of them give me a rough time, I can tell you, sending my complexion all 'west' with their "barbed wire" chins.

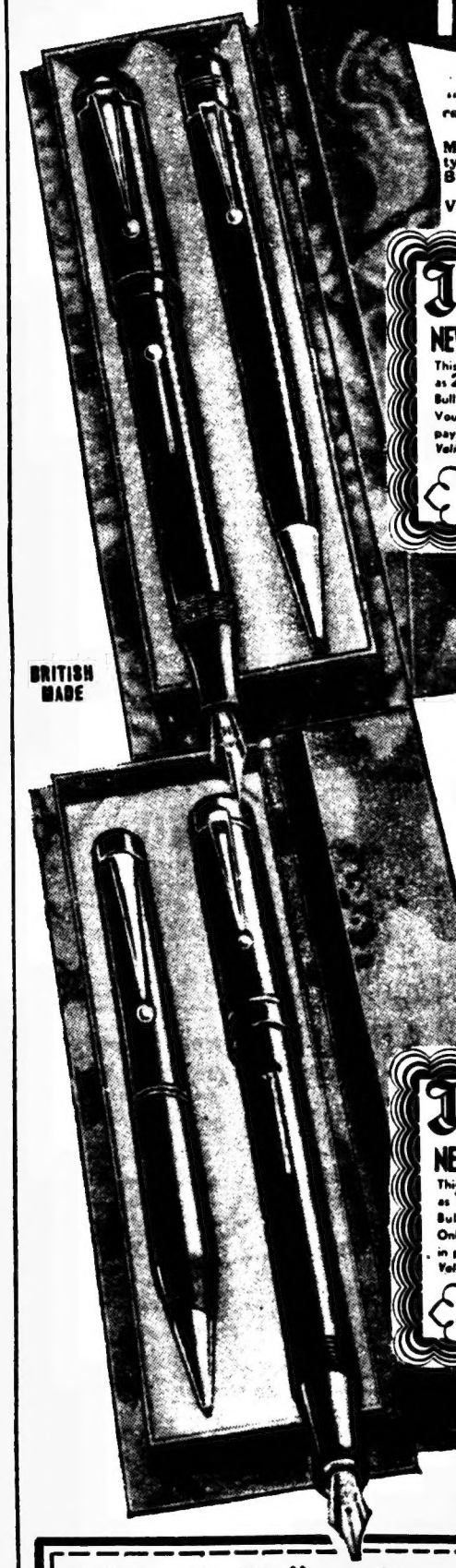
If they'd only use STEAD RAZOR BLADES and keep their faces clean and smooth—they'd be more welcome. For smooth, perfect shaves there's nothing to compare with

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet of 7 blades for 6d., Boots, Taylors Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls, and most dealers sell them.

Cash your Gift Vouchers NOW

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU



"FIT FOR ROYALTY."

"I am highly pleased with my Writing Set and can surely say it is 'A Gift fit for Royalty.'"

This letter of appreciation received from Mr. R. L. Hanswell, Blaydon, Newcastle, is typical of thousands received in praise of "John Bull's" New Year Gift to its readers.

Have you cashed YOUR Free Gift Voucher or Vouchers? If not, do so at once!

John Bull NEW YEAR GIFT VOUCHER — VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **2'9** in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Valid until January 15, 1935.* No. A/88,904

5/6 for 2/9

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

5/6 WRITING SET FOR 2/9. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, black vulcanite, latest lever self-filling device and **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped,** all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. **Written two-year guarantee with each pen.** The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

12/6 WRITING SET FOR 5/-. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Beautifully streamlined and handsomely finished in glossy black, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. An inlaid, rolled-gold band encircles the pen (which is made of an entirely new unbreakable material) and a sunk lever self-filling device and pocket clip to match accentuate the lustrous finish. **The 14-carat solid gold nib has a costly iridium tip** of velvety smoothness. **Written five-year guarantee with each pen. The handsome** "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip and extra leads, and is fitted with a propel, repel, expel movement. Contained in a handsome satin-lined Presentation Case, artistically covered in gold and black.

John Bull NEW YEAR GIFT VOUCHER — VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **7'6** in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Valid until January 15, 1935.* No. B/88,904

12/6 for 5/-

★ EXTRA SURPRISE GIFT

An extra Surprise Gift for every recipient—look out for it.

CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER AT ONCE. Accept this record New Year Gift to-day.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

Fine. Medium. Broad. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — Fine. Medium. Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque/Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

HE SANG HER PRAISES *to the* TUNE OF £500!

"All the nice girls"—and Mr. Ward!

A SINCERE little compliment from husband or sweetheart makes a woman feel better at once. But I can tell you about a compliment to a wife which has altered a family's future, writes a JOHN BULL representative.

It was a tribute to his wife paid by Mr. R. A. Ward, 30, Carlton Street, Burton-on-Trent. In a few words he summed up on a *Bullets* coupon all that she meant to him, resulting in the telling *Bullet*, ALL THE NICE GIRLS—"CRYSTALLIZED" INTO 'MY SWEET."

Not many days afterwards, Mrs. Ward opened a telegram from JOHN BULL. On it she read those ingenious words her husband had fitted together—and the thrilling news that they had won for Mr. Ward our 963rd First Prize, **£500** in cash and a Christmas Hamper yearly for life!

My arrival being so unexpected, I had only a few minutes' chat with Mr. Ward at his home before he left for his afternoon's work.

But I was able to learn much of what this big success will mean to him and of the flutter it caused.

"We were having dinner when the telegram from JOHN BULL arrived," Mr. Ward recalled. "Well, there wasn't any more dinner for either of us that day!"

At Marston's Brewery, where he works, there was big excitement about the news. Many had heard about the famous *Bullets* telegram, but here was a chance actually to handle one.

"They came from all over the brewery to see it," Mr. Ward said. "Even the Managing Director sent for me. He asked to see my winning *Bullet* in the telegram, and congratulated me on it." During most of the time he has been competing, I learnt, Mr. Ward has been a keen reader of our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*.

"It's like a weekly tonic," he said. "With its cheerful tone, it brightens you up wonderfully and gives you new ideas."

"The first thing we'll do with my prize-money," Mr. Ward went on to tell me, "will be to clear off the remaining payments on this house.

"Then we'll get a new radio set, and the rest of the £500 will go into the bank to provide for our future and that of our four-year-old daughter, Jean.

"The thing I'm most thankful for," the winner continued, "is that I kept to *Bullets* as I did. The only way to win is to take the competition seriously. Until about four years ago, I used to enter only occasionally and had no success. Then I decided to stick to it every week, win or lose."

As a result of that decision prizes began to arrive from Long Acre.

"We built that new fireplace with a £10 10s. prize my husband won," Mrs. Ward told me proudly. "That was the only time he got into the printed list until now."

To be able to add to one's home in that way with the help of a *Bullets* cheque gives lasting satisfaction. To be able to go further and own one's own home with JOHN BULL'S help is better still

But you can win a still greater reward for a few well-chosen words to-day. *Two* Life Pensions in a one-week Contest—that is the Record Offer now before you. Shoot quickly at this doubled bull's-eye!

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,350 AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500—COMPETITION No. 964

D. M. LUND, 1, Stanmore Place, Lidget Green, Bradford.

Example: DAD'S RESOLUTION
Bullet: BROKEN "FOR A CERTAINTY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

F. ORMONDROYD, 43, Whitlam Street, Saltaire, Yorks.
Example: Teacher's Problem
Bullet: And Sonny's, "Forming Characters."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

H. S. DODSWORTH, 141, Mason Lathe Road, Sheffield.
Example: When He Came Round
Bullet: Prince Gave *Us* "Spirit."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. BRITTON, Factory Lane, Ruthergien.
Fighting Parson — "Crusader" Young "Turks' *Worship*

A. BROWN, 15, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
Why She Sang—Over Washing. Washing Overalls.

E. F. BURY, 28, Oak Road, Salford, Lancs.
Why Men Fight—And When, Somebody Blunders

W. H. DENNETT, 66, Marmion Avenue, Bootle.
Empty Pocket—"Tip"—Give "Cannon" "Rest."
(Entered on 'Target' Prize coupon.)

A. GRANT, New Bridge Dinnet, Aberdeenshire.
Thieves—Years—'Seize" The Minute!

E. F. RUSSELL, 75 Hillside Crescent, Enfield, Middlesex.
Dad's Resolution—'Put Aside"—It Was!

Mrs. M. A. SHARPE, "Fairways," Cross Hall, St. Neots, Hunts
When The Plumber Arrived — Stairs, "Niagara"—Dad "Vesuvius."
(Entered on 'Target" Prize coupon.)

H. G. SPARROW 56 Clifford Street, Watford.
Said The Postman—'Where The Hell's 'Paradise'?"

Mrs. F. WARE, 6 Kingston Road, Romford.
Picture Of Happiness—Make Your "Front Cover"!

J. WITTS, 116, Brynglas Road, Newport, Mon.
Tact—"Wins Round' *Without* Fighting.

12 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. BUCKHAM, 3, Love Lane, Stonehaven.
Why Men Fight—Army Mules Wonder, Too!

W. J. HARRISON, 16 Camden Way, Thornton Heath
Empty Pocket—Imagine Yours, Then Give.

W. J. HILL, 9, Waters Street, Burton Ferry, Glam.
In Danger—Cradle In To-day's "Brushes."

G. HOTCHKIN, 15, Woodsley Avenue, Crowthorpes.
Empty Pocket—"Deserted Spot" Loves *Scorn*

P. R. KENT, Lynnfield, Aylesbury Road, Bierton
Why She Sang—"Parted" Feelings—Something Went!

H. KNOWLES, 5, Clarendon Road, Leeds.
Dad's Resolution—Ran To Jan.

J. P. McLAUGHLIN, 113, Wall Street, Camelon, Falkirk
Thieves—Years—"Footprints' Underneath "Windows."

Miss M. G. MARMON, 16, Fellery Street, Chorley
Fighting Parson—Nursing Dog—Bruce, Jas.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

I. ROSS, Meadowside House, Airdrie, N.B.
Teacher's Problem—*Her* "Boy" Is Backward.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. F. TAYLOR, 105, Brookvale Road, Witton, Birmingham
White As Snow—Dad, But Ceiling Smoky!

J. H. THOMAS, c/o 122, Old Oak Road, Acton, London, W.
Picture Of Happiness—Girl I "Love' Watching."

R. C. WILLS, 59, Rockcliffe Road, Bathwick, Bath.
Just Like Auntie—Parrot—Enjoys 'Gin Nip"

Each of the above winners will also receive a £12 12s. Radio Set, as will 25 of £1. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull's" Gigantic Insurance Gift to every reader for 1935—see page 31

FIRST RECORD-SMASHING "BULLETS" OFFER OF THE NEW YEAR!

LIFE INCOMES WAITING FOR TWO COMPETITORS THIS WEEK!

WITH the New Year scarcely in its stride, JOHN BULL steps in with one of the most sensational offers ever made in a one-week Contest. Never before have *Bullets* entrants had *two* opportunities of winning an income for life in a quick, seven-day Competition.

For the sender of the best *Bullet*, a solid Life Pension of £3 a week is waiting, a lump sum of £1,000 being available if desired instead. For the Second Prize-winner there will be the lasting reward of £1 a week for life, or £350 cash if preferred.

Both these splendid prizes, remember, must be won—and with *Bullets* which consist of no more than a few simple words which have been neatly fitted together into a telling effort.—Why should not one of these Pension *Bullets* be yours?

THE WAY TO WIN!

START to make *Bullets* now by reading carefully through the *Examples* given, marking those which appeal to you specially as the basis for some pointed comment. Transfer your selected *Examples* to a sheet of paper, leaving space between each for jotting down your rough notes from which to build *Bullets*.

As a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly linked to the *Example*, your next step is to transform your rough ideas into a few well-chosen words.

For instance, you might take the *Example* LOOKING FOR WORK; against it your first comment might be, *Not The Kind That War Offers*. Considering carefully how to improve the wording of that rough idea, you could readily arrange your completed *Bullet* to read, LOOKING FOR WORK—NOT THROUGH WAR'S "AGENCY."

It will help you further if you study carefully the good points of the winning efforts in Competition No. 964, which will be found on the previous page.

Then settle down to a quiet half-hour on your efforts, making sure that your entry reaches Long Acre by Saturday, January 12.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ACROSS THE WATER
BEACONS
LOOKING FOR WORK
HE'S A DOCTOR, SO
SWEETENS LIFE
LET'S BE HONEST AND
LIVING DANGEROUSLY
CRACK OF DOOM
BUBBLES
HUMAN CLAY
BEAUTY TREATMENT
FEAR
POLICEMEN ARE WONDERFUL, BUT
BEWILDERED RABBIT
"COME BACK!"
HEARTBREAK HOUSE
GOING STRAIGHT
SHATTERING
AUNTIE'S DIARY
AS A RULE
IF WALLS COULD SPEAK
SURE TO PLEASE
FOR THE FUTURE
FUSS AND BOTHER
REMINDS ME
AS IT HAPPENED
MOST CONVENIENT
NOBODY NOTICED
MAN WHO DOESN'T
DREADFUL TRUTH
WHEN CHILDREN GROW UP
WORN OUT
TOP OF HIS FORM
AT SOLLY'S DANCE
IN THE NICK OF TIME
DOOMED TO FAILURE
WHEN DAD COMES IN

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling £30-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*), to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co.". Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 963 will be displayed at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons' Bookstall, Burton Station, Burton-on-Trent.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 967 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(967) Closing SAT., Jan. 12. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(967) Closing SAT., Jan. 12. | P.O No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(967) Closing SAT., Jan. 12. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(967) Closing SAT., Jan. 12. | P.O No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(967) Closing SAT., Jan. 12 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry. "Bullets" No. 967, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The HAPPY FAMILY

Is the Family who takes a Nightly Dose of BILE BEANS

YOU and your family will keep in the best of health if you depend upon Bile Beans.

These purely vegetable pills tone up the system, soon put right any digestive disturbance and ensure a gentle daily elimination of all harmful food wastes.

Give Bile Beans to the youngsters about twice a week and whenever they feel sickly and out of sorts. Take a regular nightly dose yourself to keep fit and well all the year round.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

137 B90

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